



No. 104.—VOL. VIII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1895.

SIXPENCE.
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MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN AS RITA IN "THE CHIEFTAIN," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

*"The tinkling sheep-bell knells the parting day,
The flocks collect from meadow, hill, and moor,
The happy goatherd homeward takes his way,
His wife and children wait him at the door.
To me the bells speak with no cheering tone,
Only the night wind sighs, 'Alone! Alone!'"*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

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DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S NEW REGIMENT.



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THE ENGLISH ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY CLEMENT K. SHORTER.

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Jan. 23, 1895.

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NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

"AN INNOCENT ABROAD," AT TERRY'S THEATRE.

The critic, since the palmy days of "Sweet Lavender," has generally visited Terry's Theatre timidly; there have been some substantial successes, but the average has not been very high. Consequently, when he enters what the callow journalist calls the portals of Terry's Temple of Thespis, it is with distrust. The present programme is one that raises the average somewhat. One may not declare that "Keep Your Own Counsel" is brilliant—indeed, it is possible to suggest that the main idea



Photo by Dames, San Francisco.

MR. CRAVEN, THE AUTHOR OF "AN INNOCENT ABROAD."

is unreasonably improbable—but it has a liveliness that enables Mr. Sidney Brough to be really amusing, and Miss Madge McIntosh to show some signs of promise.

"An Innocent Abroad" suggests Mark Twain by its title, not otherwise. It is a farcical comedy, that has the "hall-mark" of success in America, which, as a rule, is a poor recommendation. Nevertheless, it is really funny enough for ordinary purposes.

It may be granted that the first, generally the best act in a farce, is rather weak, though there is something funny in the idea of the man who gets damages for injury in a railway accident in which he had no part, and is afraid to give them back and tell the truth. The second act suggests that the truth is out, and the play may "shut up shop." However, the third act, which passes in a newspaper office—utterly unlike any of the many I have seen—is really comic. It may not be quite original in its funniest touch. For years American papers have made fun of the "fighting editor," and the French papers have followed or led them in the matter. Yet when the defamed Pilkington brings a professor of the "gentle art of punching enemies" to see the editor about a libel, and sees his warrior crawl out of the room because the editor whistles down for "Mr. Corbett," the sporting editor, to come up, no one can resist laughter!

Moreover, Mr. Edward Terry was very funny as Pilkington, the tame cat who for once "went out on the tiles," and suffered so much for his sins as to turn irreclaimably virtuous ever after. Possibly the Edward Terry humour is not the highest form of low comedy—though he can rise to true comedy, as we have seen in "The Times" or "Sweet Lavender"—but it is invaluable for presenting comic distress. The question whether "High Life Below Stairs" is really amusing or not is purely personal. I think that it is not, but a friend of mine for whose judgment I have respect, for whose *vers de société* hearty admiration, thinks that it is; so, "there you are."

Of Mr. W. Stokes Craven, the author of "An Innocent Abroad," it may be said that acting is his profession, play-writing his pastime. His

first dramatic experience was acquired as an amateur in Dublin, and his professional *début* was made some fifteen years ago, at the old Philharmonic Theatre, Islington—the scene of Miss Emily Soldene's triumphs—under Mr. D'Oyly Carte's management, where he was a chorister in "Geneviève de Brabant," eventually playing the part of Martel. Then he was in the original production of "Le Petit Duc," under Mr. Edward Righton, at the Globé, where he played a small part in the revival of "Poll and my Partner Joe," and understudied a part in "Les Cloches de Corneville." After playing Fitzwarren in "Dick Whittington," at the Alexandra Palace, he toured for two years with Mr. Charles Bernard, returning to town to appear as Henri in a reproduction of "Le Voyage en Chine," at the old Holborn Theatre.

It was about this time that he began writing, producing at Croydon "Nowadays," a comedy in three acts, satirising the aesthetic craze. His next and final and most unsatisfactory London engagement was in "Melita," the disastrous failure at the new Novelty Theatre. For eighteen months he played with Miss Julia Sydney in South Africa, appearing in everything from farce to Shakspere, and burlesque to English opera; and he also wrote and produced the first pantomime in South Africa, "Dick Whittington," at the Theatre Royal, Durban. India was his next field of enterprise, for he appeared during a season with Mrs. Carson. Here he wrote a version of "Der Bibliothekar," called "The Medium," the production of which retrieved the failing fortunes of the management. Then he wandered to Australia, and entered into a partnership with Phil Day, writing and producing "Mixed," "Bad Lads," and "Hide and Seek," all three-act farces, specially written for his partner. Besides these, he wrote some musical comedies and pantomimes. After two years in Australia, he made for America, and became stage-manager of the Tivoli Opera House, San Francisco. Here he dramatised, for lyrical purposes, "Allan Quatermain," which proved a great success. After six months of California's glorious climate, he turned towards New York, where he was engaged by Mr. Daniel Frohman, of the Lyceum Theatre, for four years, touring the whole of the States, supporting young Sothern. He has also supported Fanny Davenport, Helen Barry, Sadie Martinot, and other prominent stars, and played under the management of Charles Frohman, Richard Mansfield, and the late Mr. George Barrett.

"A PAIR OF SPECTACLES," AT THE GARRICK.

There must be something remarkable in "A Pair of Spectacles," for it stands the severe test of four visits perfectly. One may fancy that its little flaws are more trying than at first, but the absolute charm in no



Photo by Graham, Leamington.

MISS ETHEL HARRADEN, THE COMPOSER OF "THE TABOO."

degree disappears. No doubt, most of us would have neglected this stop-gap revival of Mr. Grundy's admirable adaptation had it not been for the fact that the programme contained the announcement "First appearance on the stage of Miss Mabel Terry Lewis." Many a playgoer recollects Miss Kate Terry, elder sister of Miss Ellen and Miss Marion, and also Miss Florence, who too soon deserted the boards; those who do

have infinite pleasure in the memory of her delightful gifts. Consequently, the appearance of her daughter drew all of us, in the hope she might show the charming qualities that one associates with the name "Terry."

To tell the truth, I have no idea whether Miss Mabel has the family genius or not. The part of Lucy Lorimer is so simple and colourless that nothing save bad acting could force it into prominence. All one may say is that Miss Terry Lewis is a tall, dark girl, with pleasing voice, pleasant person, intelligence, and tact. So one is justified in hoping that in a larger part she may do great things. If matters go on at this pace, some day people will construct elaborate genealogical tables of the Terry family.

As to the play, there seems little to do save express one's pleasure in it, and hope that it may be revived again and again. One could hardly have too much of the Ben of Mr. John Hare, which is, perhaps, the finest piece of acting that playgoers of our times have seen. Nor would it be unjust to mention the splendid Uncle Gregory of Mr. Charles Groves. Yet, after using such big phrases of these two, one feels that injustice has been done to Miss Kate Rorke, for how could the part of Mrs. Goldfinch be acted more charmingly than by her? As for Mr. George Raiemond, who has played Ben excellently on some occasions, Mr. Allan Aynesworth, Mr. Gilbert Hare, Mr. Charles Rock, and Mr. du Maurier, I can find nothing save words of kindness and congratulation.

"THE TABOO," AT THE TRAFALGAR THEATRE.

The stage has by no means shown a tendency to prove the popular theory that "demand creates supply," for the enormous influx of musico-dramatic pieces during the last eighteen months has failed to bring forward in anything like sufficient quantity artistes capable of taking principal parts in comic operas. Of this "The Taboo," at the Trafalgar Square Theatre, is strong evidence. The company, although a great deal of money has been spent on the production, is not able to render a comic opera successful, and the only performances of any real merit were given by old hands. I do not mean to say that the two principal ladies are quite devoid of ability, but neither of them is of sufficient quality at present for the heavy burden imposed by the piece.

What I have said is notably true in the case of skirt-dancing. Of late years it has been the fashion, yet the stage is poorer in the way of performers than it was two years ago. Miss Sylvia Grey has left us, Miss St. Cyr has gone abroad, and Miss Letty Lind tends to cultivate her charming gift of singing at the expense of dancing, and no one really has come forward to take the vacant places. It seems to be assumed that dancing can be learned in a dozen easy lessons, and that to be able to prance about the stage in a pretty dress and make a mild imitation of the necessary steps is quite sufficient for success. It is very comical to see the expression of the dancer's face while she painfully watches her faltering feet, and yet keeps the mechanical smile which she has been taught should never be abandoned under any circumstance by a dancer.

In "The Taboo," the chief dancing is done by a lady who, so far as technique is concerned, is still in what may be called the "five-toe exercise" stage. However, it did not matter very much, for a stronger company would have been wasted on the fantastic opera, just as a stronger piece would have been wasted on such performers. For Mr. Mason Carnes has not shown wit enough for comic opera, nor wisdom enough to turn his subject into burlesque and let it be run by the players. Moreover, it cannot be said that Miss Ethel Harraden has the necessary quality. Her music is inoffensive, at times it is even rather pretty; but there is no life or swing in it, no humour can be found in the comic, no passion in the amorous songs, and probably no one of the audience could call to mind a single measure after leaving the theatre.

Unfortunately, a great deal of money has been spent upon the piece. Why people will risk large sums in mounting comic opera when the book is obviously dull—as one may see by merely reading it—and the music contains no number likely to make a hit, it is very hard to guess. From my remarks, of course, I except Miss Lizzie St. Quentin, an old favourite, who did excellent work; Mr. Paulton, who laboured not without success, though his singing was painful; and Madame Amadi and Mr. Frank Wyatt, who did their share of the work very well. Perhaps, if Mr. Wyatt were introduced earlier, if some hearty cutting were done, and the company were strengthened, the unfavourable judgment of the "first night" audience might be falsified. At any rate, the dangerous line, "Never mind, let's laugh and be merry," should be removed; it is too tempting to the wit of a wearied gallery.

Miss Ethel Harraden, the composer of "The Taboo," is the sister of the clever author of "Ships that Pass in the Night." Her father, Mr. Samuel Harraden, is a native of Cambridge, and a talented musician, who, very soon after leaving the University town, accepted an important musical appointment in Calcutta, and, later on, entered business there as a London and Calcutta agent. She was born in 1857, and, after getting her elementary education at a private school, was sent to the Royal Academy of Music, where she studied under Sir Sterndale Bennett and Dr. Dorell. Although a clever pianist, she has always preferred devoting herself more exclusively to composition. From her earliest childhood she has written music, including several operettas, to the librettos of her brother, Mr. Herbert Harraden. The most successful was "His Last Chance," which ran for nine months at the Gaiety Theatre, and was afterwards given both at the Princess's and the Court.

"LITTLE EYOLF."

Ibsen's new play is, in most respects, the simplest, most direct of his non-historical works, and one of the most interesting. Compared with "The Master Builder" or "The Wild Duck," it suggests that he who runs may read. Yet it has its touch of the mystic. Take out one scene, and there is left a play in which the passion of jealousy is handled with wonderfully subtle skill, and some fearful aspects are presented with painful force. Being one of those who, though classed as Ibsenite, feel free enough to criticise, I am bound to say that I think it a pity that one scene—that of "The Rat Wife"—cannot be taken out. It is puzzling, displeasing, one might almost say repulsive, and does not seem necessary.

The characters are few. There is Alfred Allmers, who, for her wealth, has married a woman whom he liked but did not love. There is the wife, Rita, who loves him passionately. Eyolf, their lame, nine-year-old child, is brought on. In addition are Allmers' half-sister—a supposititious half-sister—Asta, and an engineer named Borgheim, who loves her. Lastly, the Rat Wife. The facts are quickly developed. The beauty of Rita for a short time fascinated and enthralled her husband, but its power soon wore off; his child and a book that he is writing on human responsibilities occupy his mind, while his thoughts go back to the happy days when he lived with Asta, his "big Eyolf."

Rita is terribly jealous—jealous of her child, of the book, of Asta. Her husband goes away wandering in the mountains, and on his return Rita makes a last effort to reconquer his heart. She sets out her beauty gorgeously. "I had let down my hair. I dressed myself in white. There were rose-tinted shades on both the lamps. And we two were alone, we two—the only waking beings in the whole house. And there was champagne on the table." And Allmers? He merely talked about the child and its digestion, and went to his bed, and "slept like a log." To use Rita's curious quotation from an old song, "There stood the champagne, but you tasted it not."

Rita, naturally, is furious. As she says, "The moment you mention Eyolf's name, you grow tender and your voice quivers. Oh, you almost tempt me to wish—." The unuttered wish is soon fulfilled. The child strays to the fiord, and is drowned. There is a long, fearful scene between husband and wife, in which they probe their hearts to see the feelings caused by Eyolf's death. They have not religion for refuge, though the catastrophe turns Allmers towards the object of his past faith, to "one whom you yourself do not believe in," says Rita. She reproaches him: "You shouldn't have taught me to doubt, Alfred." "Would it have been right of me to let you go through life with your mind full of empty fictions?" he replies; and she makes the woeful answer, "It would have been better for me, for then I should have had something to take refuge in. Now I am utterly at sea."

Allmers thinks that he will go to live again with Asta, who has refused Borgheim's offer of marriage; but in a curious, subtle scene, she shows him that his love for her is not of brother for sister, but man for woman, and tells him that from her mother's letters she has learnt that they have no blood-tie between them. Asta determines to go away alone, but Borgheim persuades her to accept him. Rita is then left with two objects of her jealousy removed, yet feels hopeless of Allmers' love as she understands or understood it. However, in the end, Allmers, who plans as a relief from home an aimless, endless wandering, when he learns that she intends to spend her time in doing good in the village, decides to remain with her. A strange scene is the last. Rita says, "But then you would have to remain here." He replies softly, "Let us try if it could not be so." Rita continues, "Yes, let us, Alfred." He observes, "We have a heavy day of work before us, Rita." She answers, "You will see that now and then a Sabbath peace will descend upon us." Allmers (quietly, with emotion), "Then perhaps we shall know that the spirits are with us." Rita (whispering), "The spirits?" Allmers (as before), "Yes, they will, perhaps, be around us—those whom we have lost." Rita (nods slowly), "Our little Eyolf, and your big Eyolf too." He continues, "Now and then, perhaps we may still, on the way through life, have a little, passing glimpse of them." Rita, "Where shall we look for them, Alfred?" Allmers, "Upwards." Rita, "Yes, yes, upwards." Allmers, "Upwards, towards the peaks, towards the stars, and towards the great silence." Rita, "Thanks." Here the curtain drops.

Nothing but scarcely honest quotation would give an idea of the truth with which this story is told. One really seems to be at home with these interesting people. How it would fare on the stage, it is hard to say. At first sight, one is tempted to think that it could not stand the footlights. Yet that was the library idea of "The Master Builder" and "Hedda Gabler," and they falsified it by being works of curiously high dramatic quality. However, it is to be hoped that someone will run the risk.

I have spoken of the Rat Wife, who really is a female rat-catcher, by whom little Eyolf is lured to the water. Perhaps the curious, eerie character would be of use on the stage, by giving "atmosphere" to the play. Ibsen's knowledge of the theatre is so great, his technique is so wonderful, that it might, in actual presentation, prove one of the surprises that are not rare in the record of his works. At present it appears to me to be a blot on one of the most powerful, interesting, and painful of the works of the mighty, mournful Norwegian dramatist, who, though we are constantly told that his influence has gone, can still command full-column notices in even the most Philistine of the daily papers. Perhaps I ought to add that Mr. Archer's translation has been so excellently made that the play reads as though it had been written in English originally.



MISS BEATRICE YOUNG.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

THE LATE LADY CHARLOTTE SCHREIBER.

By the death of Lady Charlotte Schreiber, which occurred on the 15th inst. at Canford Manor, Wimborne, Dorset, there has passed away a gentlewoman whose intellectual tastes, generosity of heart, and geniality of temperament not only brightened her extensive circle of relations and friends, but benefited the knowledge of the nation, and in many ways the cause of charity in the Metropolis. A lifetime—and no brief one, for Lady Charlotte had attained to her eighty-third year—so well spent it is pleasant to contemplate retrospectively. Lady Charlotte Elizabeth was born in 1812, and was the only daughter of Albemarle Bertie, a General in the Army and ninth Earl of Lindsey, in succession to Brownlow, eighth Earl and fifth and last Duke of Ancaster. Her mother was a daughter of the Very Reverend Charles Peter Layard, D.D., Dean of Bristol. Lady Charlotte was twice married, firstly to Sir Josiah John Guest, Bart., M.P. for Poole, by whom she had nine children, her eldest son being raised to the Peerage in 1880 as Lord Wimborne. She secondly married Mr. Charles Schreiber, who also predeceased her.

Lady Charlotte spent her girlhood at Uffington House, the family seat of the Lindseys, where she early gave evidence of an artistic temperament in devoting herself to the etching-needle. With that earnestness of purpose in acquiring knowledge and of taking advantage of any information presenting itself which distinguished her, Lady Charlotte evinced the greatest interest in her husband Sir J. J. Guest's ironworks at Dowlais in Glamorganshire, and devoted her attention to the translation of a learned French treatise on "hot-blast furnaces."

With the same assiduity she studied the Welsh language, and so profitably that she subsequently was enabled to enrich English literature by a translation, with all the original notes, from the Welsh, of the "Mabinogion," the manuscripts of which had been long lying *perdu* in the Library of Jesus College, Oxford. This learned work she and her daughters set up in type at her son Lord Wimborne's private printing-press at Canford Manor, where an *édition de luxe* of Tennyson's "The Victim" was produced by them, and where the late Laureate's "Eaid," and "The Window; or, Song of the Wrens," were for the first time printed, and with the loving care which these poems so well merited.

Possessed of such intellectual tastes, it will be a mere commonplace to say that Lady Charlotte was a great reader; and, beyond this, she was a great observer, until the gradual advance of blindness in the latter years of her life compelled her to exchange the pleasures of objective contemplation for the perhaps greater ones of subjectively surveying the treasures of varied information and the beauties of intellectual-thought which she had amassed, and which might well vie with those rare and valuable collections of china and other *articles de vertu* to which she had given the better part of her life's attention, and which, some years before her death, she handed over to the Trustees of the British Museum and of South Kensington Museum, for the enjoyment of the public. Reference especially should be made to the choice collection of china *faïence* and glass, and to the unique collections of fans and fan-leaves of English and foreign design, many of which are exceedingly beautiful, some marvellously quaint, and more which have an historical interest. The British Museum caused an illustrated catalogue—or rather, catalogues—to be printed especially of these fans. There are 161 drawings of English fans, and 153 of the foreign *éventails*. There are the Dance Fan, 1794, inscribed with the music of fourteen airs; the Church Fan, with the Belief, the Lord's Prayer, and the Articles of the Decalogue upon it; and the Fortune-telling Fan. Others represent the whole history of England, the map of Warwickshire, and an allegory of the marriage of Princess Anne with William, to instance a few; while the foreign fans depict political, amorous, and historical incidents of the most varied nature. It was a graceful compliment, and worthy of her acceptance, when the Worshipful Company of Fanmakers presented Lady Charlotte with the freedom of their company in a beautiful casket, in acknowledgment of the value of her researches and of the encouragement she had given towards fan-making in England. Lady Charlotte herself, however, never painted a fan, as has been attributed to her. The collection of cards is no less curious and interesting, and on its own account the Company of Playing Card Makers also inscribed her name on their roll, giving her, thereby, the absolutely unique distinction of being the only woman in Great Britain a freewoman of two City companies.

Lady Charlotte had visited all the Continental cities of interest, and was familiar with most of the Courts of Europe. At the age of twelve she was launched into Parisian society—indeed, one may generally say that she has met all the celebrities of the century, whether in the arts or *les belles lettres*, of this and of many other countries. Of late years Lady Charlotte's feebleness of sight disengaged her from much society. She preferred the quiet comforts of home, where she busied herself, with her ever-green energy, in knitting comforters for the cabmen who frequented her special shelter, and in whom this noble lady, in both senses of the word, took great interest. A charming group that often gathered round the hearth of her home in Cavendish Square, and representing four generations, was composed of Lady Charlotte herself, white-haired, yet still erect, a bright intelligence shining in her eyes, though their sight was almost lost; her eldest daughter, Mrs. Du Cane, with her daughter, Mrs. Hallam Murray, on whose lap would be sitting Lady Charlotte's great-grandchild. It needs scarcely to be added that Lady Charlotte's youngest daughter, Blanche, the wife of Mr. Edward Ponsonby, the private secretary to the Speaker, who, with her husband and children, resided beneath Lady Charlotte's roof, was ever her devoted nurse and companion.

THE LAW COURT DOOR-KEEPER.

"The Court is full, Sir, but there'll be a seat very soon."

There is nothing for it but to wait in the long, dim corridor that leads to the public galleries of the Royal Courts of Justice until the smart-uniformed warden of the ports of law sees fit to grant admission. But even outside the solemn precincts one can find not a few crumbs of diversion, and perhaps instruction.

Some of the doors are almost deserted, but around the portals marked with the legend, "Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Court," there is generally a considerable knot of people, especially if the case is a spicy one, falling under the second head. The candidates for admission wait patiently, beguiling the time with scraps of conversation addressed to the door-keeper, who occasionally shows himself a considerable master of the case.

"He that measures oil," saith the Spanish proverb, "gets some of it on his fingers," and with the Law Court door-keeper the saw holds good. He is well informed on the point at issue in Court. Either he has it by nature, or he has acquired a happy knack of putting the case in a nutshell, with a conciseness that might make weary lords in ermine long for a similar brevity from the holders of so-called "briefs."

"It's a very interestin' case, Sir," was what I heard one day from a sagacious janitor, "a case of a disputed will. The old lady's doctor is accused of havin' guided her 'and, and her maid has sworn that her thumb was bent back—so, makin' it impossible for her to 'old a pen without assistance. His Lordship is just summin' up." This puts one *au courant* with the case at once, and when admission is at last procured, the points are easily picked up, and the suit acquires an interest that it could not have possessed had not our ignorance been enlightened by the porter's kindness.

As we wait, supposing it to be a case under the second head, the group of applicants for admission keeps growing in numbers. The young lady with the saucy eyes and the vagrant boa hovers restlessly near the glass panels of the door, making the most of somewhat *petite* stature to obtain a peep of what is passing within. Finally, that gay dog, the door-keeper, despite his professional gravity of feature, favours her with his company, and they talk and laugh together on the easiest terms. Thus doth grim Justice toy with laughing Venus.

Presently someone in the gallery rises and comes out. *Place aux dames!* The gallant door-keeper escorts the smiling one to her seat, and returns to the corridor, where now only male hangers-on are cooling their heels. The conversation gets brisker, undeterred by the arrival of a Roman Collar or so, with their attendant sombre cassock.

"It's curious," says our gallant door-keeper, "but the lady 's always the best chance o' winnin'. I don't know 'ow it should be; perhaps it strikes the Judge so."

"I should think," observes a frowsy individual, who lounges against the door, "that in this case the husband ought to win. At any rate, he's doing quite right, I think, in petitioning."

"Quite right," says our oracular warden; "he'd be *far* better without 'er, whatever be the rights an' wrongs o' the present case. Why should 'e be burdened with the likes o' *her*? If he don't get a decree, poor chap, it just means that he 'as to pay the bills, while somebody else 'as the amoosement. I assure ye, you wouldn't catch *me* doin' that in a hurry."

Here another vacancy occurs in court. Benefit of clergy is allowed, and one Roman Collar obtains the vacant place, greatly to the shaveling's satisfaction.

All this time our officer's weather eye is on the glass door-panels, observing the conduct of the visitors in the gallery, over whom, by the posted regulations, he exercises supreme control. The moment has come for him to assert his authority, for the Roman Collar, carried away by his interest in the evidence, has risen to his feet in his place. Cat-like, the functionary glides within, and directs the reverend gentleman to be seated. Reproved, the representative of the Faith resumes a sedentary obscurity. It is a visible triumph of Law in the Spiritual World.

It is now possible to engage the officer in some personal conversation. He is an old servant of the place, and has seen many judges come and go. He runs over quite a formidable list of well-known names. Personal reminiscences he cannot supply off-hand. They will not come, he complains, when he wants to revive them. The duties of his office are tedious and trying; his hours are from eight to four. Even the relief afforded by the humours of the place has grown stale.

He has a great memory for famous cases, the length of their duration, and the crowds they drew. The longest case he remembers is the Parnell Commission, and he enumerates rapidly those that came next to it. Nearly every famous domestic *imbroglio* in recent years has been fought out under his eyes.

"Oh, yes," he says, "there were lots of ladies in the public gallery on those days." As for those down below, he remembers Mrs. Blank and Mrs. Ombrata quite well. Very pretty women they were; admirably cool, too.

Another move in the benches. Deftly the officer produces his key and allows the visitors to pass out. He manipulates the door, which is muffled by an uncouth scrap of rag, so that no rude slamming may jar on the solemnity within.

"Now, Sir, the third place in front to the right, if you care to go in. The witness is a former nursemaid in the family. Mr. Quere is just risen to cross-examine; there's sure to be somethin' interestin'."

So whispering, he ushers his visitor into the august chamber. S.

SOME LONDON PUBLISHERS.

V.—OSGOOD, McILVAINE, AND CO.

The spectacle of two Americans coming over to England and starting as publishers was rather a shock to our national conservatism, for if there is one business more than another which needs a long and intimate personal training on this side one would have thought it was that of English publishing. The late James R. Osgood and the present Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine did not appear to think any such preliminary experience necessary when they settled themselves into extremely comfortable quarters in Albemarle Street three years ago. Their practical *début* as a publishing house was a signal success, for a more charming book than Mr. Austin Dobson's *Memoir of Horace Walpole*, whether regarded as a literary monograph or as an illustrated volume, it would not be possible to name. That the firm has gone on very well during the past three years may be gathered from their new list, which is a stout one of over forty pages, and includes nearly 200 distinct works. If Messrs.

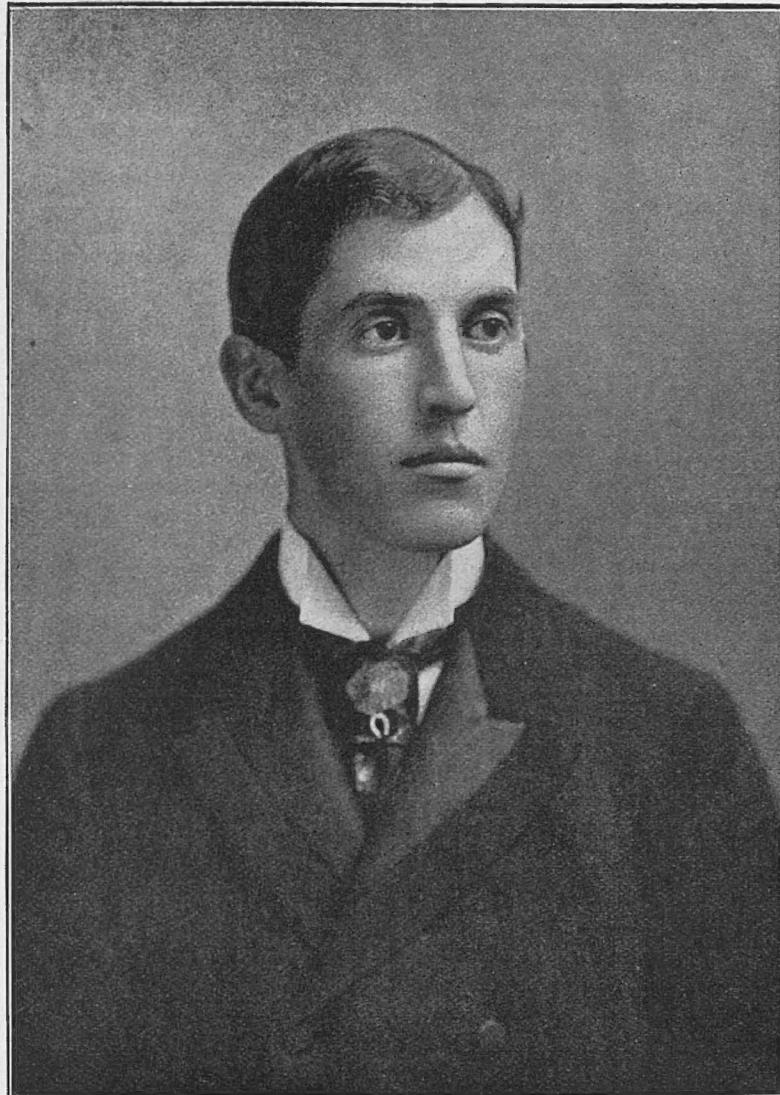


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MR. CLARENCE McILVAINE.

Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. continue at this rate, they will soon be monopolising nearly all the authors of even this fully supplied age.

Although the founders of this firm had no practical knowledge of English publishing, they were fully equipped with the next best thing, and that was a thorough knowledge of the trade on the other side of the Atlantic. James R. Osgood was a man of very considerable experience. He was born at Fryeburg, Maine, in 1836; his father was a lawyer, while his maternal grandfather, Judge Dana, was one of the most prominent men in the State. Young Osgood was uncommonly precocious, for he is said to have begun the study of Latin when he was three years old, under the instruction of his mother. He entered Bowdoin College when he was fourteen, and graduated four years later. He was intended by his parents for the law, and had "read" in that unattractive lore for two years in the office of Judge Howard, an uncle. Osgood decided to go into a publishing house, which he did by becoming a clerk under Messrs. Ticknor and Fields, the eminent Boston firm, which had then upon its list of authors the most illustrious names in New England.

When the elder Mr. Ticknor died, in 1864, the firm was reorganised, with Mr. Howard M. Ticknor and Mr. Osgood as the two partners, who retained, however, the old firm's name. Four years later another reorganisation took place, when the firm became Fields, Osgood, and Co. During this period two periodicals, in addition to the *Atlantic Monthly*, were projected and established—*Our Young Folks*, in 1864, and *Every Saturday*, an illustrated weekly, the former being edited by Mr. Ticknor and the latter by Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. After two or three other changes,

from 1880 to 1885 Mr. Osgood was in business under the style of James R. Osgood and Co.; in the latter year he retired, and became, almost immediately, the London agent of Messrs. Harper and Brothers.

In the six years in which he acted as agent Mr. Osgood had come in contact with most of the leading English authors and European celebrities. For this post he had singular advantages, not merely as

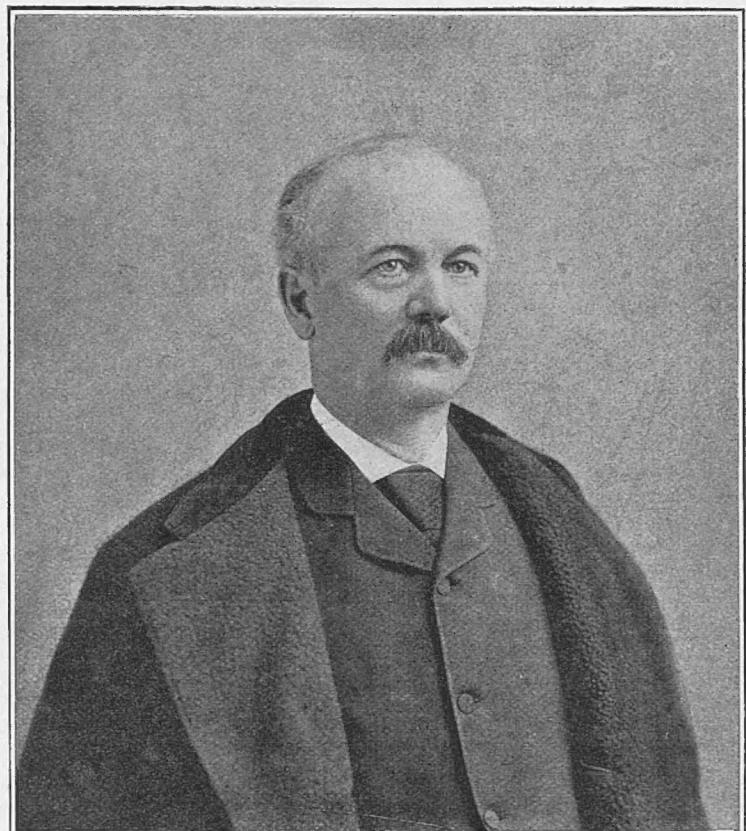


Photo by Sarony, New York.
THE LATE JAMES R. OSGOOD.

a business man of long and varied experience, but social qualities that made him so eminently a *persona grata* wherever he went. When he started a new business, still retaining the Harper agency, his task was not a difficult one. Unfortunately, he only lived just long enough to see his new project crowned with success, dying on May 18, 1892.

During the last two years of his life Mr. Osgood had associated with him Mr. Clarence W. McIlvaine, who, after studying at the Princeton University, at Berlin, and the Columbia Law School, finally eschewed law by entering the house of Harper and Brothers. Mr. McIlvaine is a smart young man—for he only confesses to twenty-nine years—with a

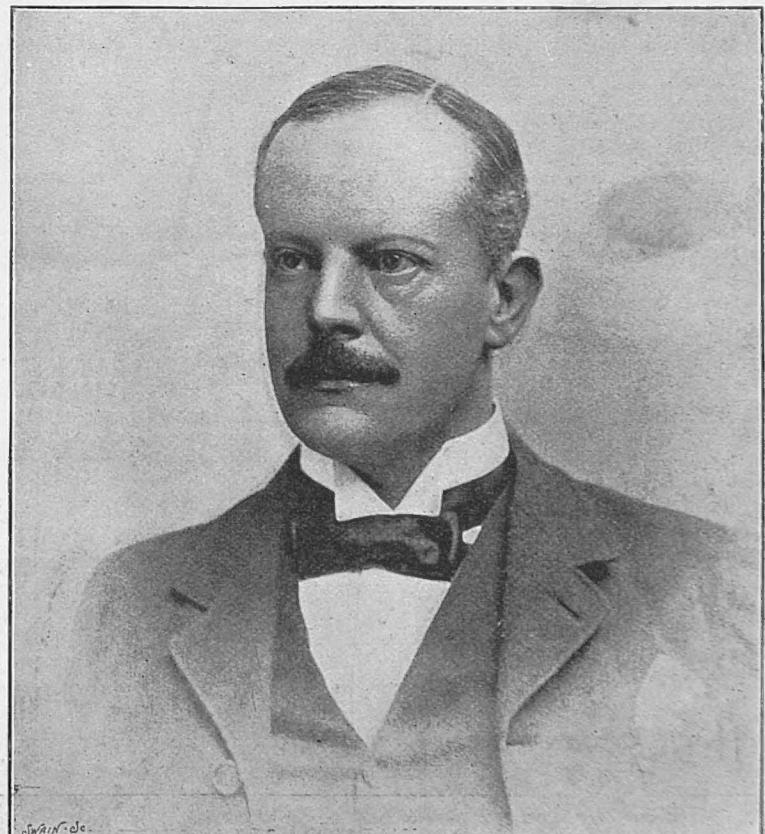


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.
MR. ARTHUR STIRLING.

face almost too bland and childlike to be engaged in so wicked a pursuit—for such it has been described times out of number!—as publishing books for authors who are so unreasonable as to expect to be paid for their work! Mr. Arthur F. G. Stirling, who joined Mr. McIlvaine some two years ago, is another “deserter” from the ranks of the law. He was educated at Winchester College, and had at Magdalen College, Oxford, Mr. John Murray (his near neighbour) as a fellow-student. Mr. Stirling was called to the Bar in 1872, and was on the Western Circuit. He was for many years secretary of the Oriental Club.

If what they have done in the past is any index to the future, Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. will take a very leading place among English publishers. One of their most important prospective arrangements is a uniform edition of Mr. Thomas Hardy's complete works, and they will issue the English edition, in four volumes, of the Memoirs of Paul François Barras, who, as a member of the Convention, has been obscured by men of greater brilliancy. These memoirs will be fully illustrated with portraits, &c., and they will appear simultaneously in France—*chez Hachette*—and in America.

In some respects, perhaps, the collected works of Von Moltke form the biggest of Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.'s undertakings. These are in eight large demy-octavo volumes, plentifully supplied with portraits, and form an almost unparalleled tribute to the ability and skill of one of the most remarkable men of modern times. The “Letters” of James Russell Lowell, the “Autobiographical Notes of the Life of William Bell Scott,” the works of St. George Mivart, those of Charles Dudley Warner, Henry James, Laurence Hutton, and Theodore Child find a place in this firm's list of publications; both of Mr. George du Maurier's novels are here, and a great many others. The extremely tasteful manner in which Messrs. Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co. produce their books has undoubtedly been a material factor in building up a big business in a very short period, and no one can refuse patronage and sympathy to a house which contributes to the better production of books, whether English or foreign.

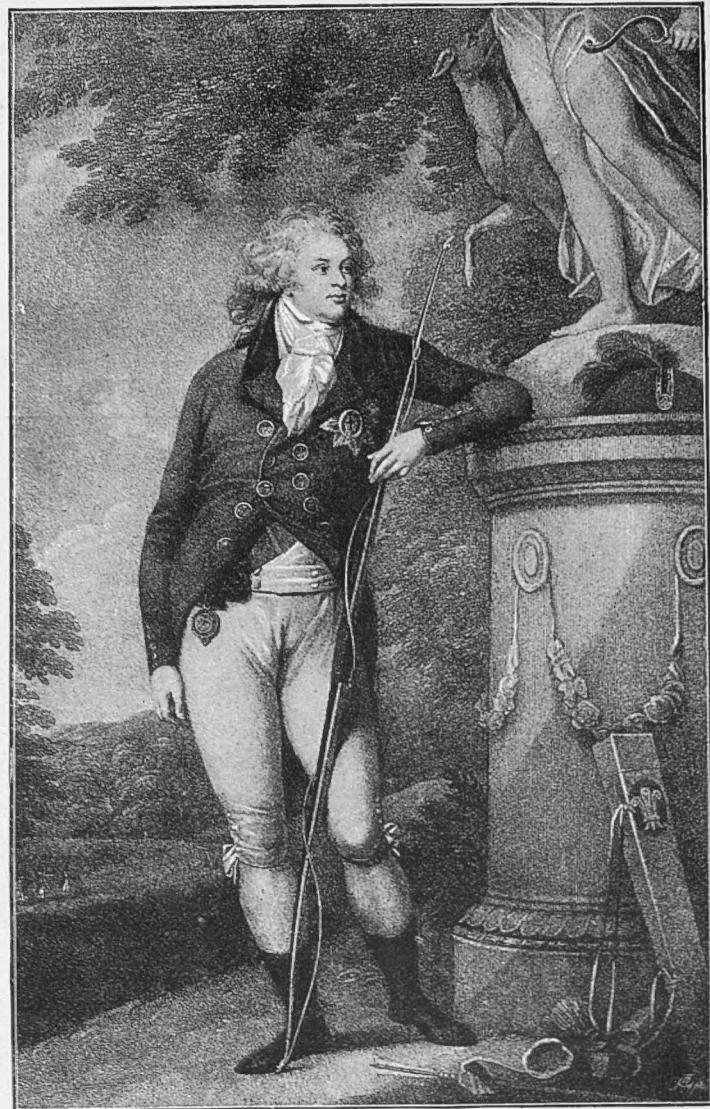
W. ROBERTS.

THE BADMINTON ARCHERY.*

Mr. C. J. Longman and Colonel Walrond have shot a fine arrow into the air with their book on archery. They are likely to find it again in many libraries throughout the country, and in many hands, for it must become a standard work. Indeed, it would be no surprise did it call into being a multitude of new archers, who may flock to new greens. Just as golf has taken tottering and feeble men and made them young again, so it is possible that archery will now absorb many who are past gentle exercise. I should not be astonished at the spectacle of otherwise sane persons lurking about the Temple and the Strand with bows and arrows in their hands, for the account of the pastime, as set down in the latest Badminton, is fascinating to a degree, and the man who has regarded archery hitherto as an opportunity for his only son to break his neighbour's windows will now remember its magnificent history—and break the windows for himself. There is no older sport in the world. If we could dig up the “stone” man and persuade one of Mr. Rider Haggard's ladies to vivify him, he would tell us, with tears in his eyes, of his delight at hitting a cow on the head with a yard of wood and flint, and would protest that the bow was the only thing which would keep him from the

* “Archery.” By C. J. Longman and Colonel H. Walrond. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

grave again. There is no man who has not thought in his heart that Destiny did ill with him in that she placed him in the nineteenth century, when she might with no more trouble have located him upon the swards of Sherwood Forest with Robin and his merry men. This romance

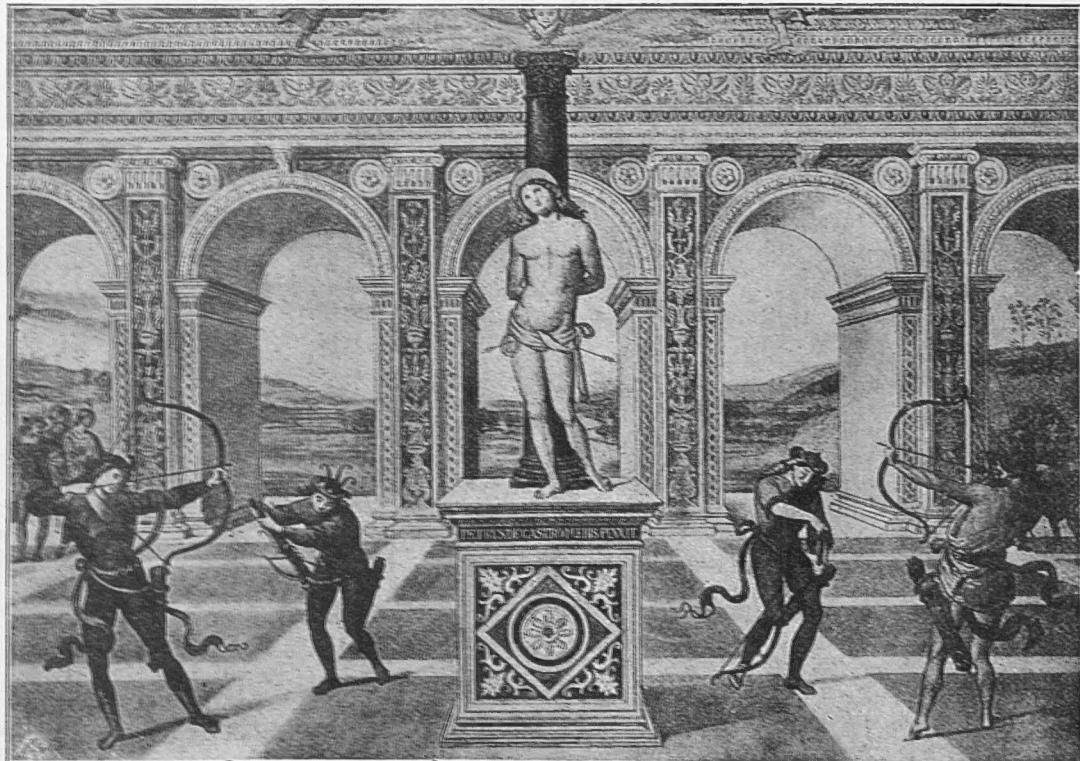


GEORGE, PRINCE OF WALES, IN UNIFORM OF THE ROYAL KENTISH BOWMEN.
From a print by Bartolozzi.

can scarce be looked for in the renaissance of archery, yet the pastime is assuredly picturesque. Its greens are chiefly near to “historic seats”; the Bowman bends his weapon in sight of Norman towers and Elizabethan chapels. If he has a spark of imagination, he thirsts for a pike and for a

Frenchman to slay. He cannot but recall the spirit of the White Company, and when he has done all this he may flirt with the pretty girls, of which there are always numbers upon the green. Indeed, woman was ever as good an archer as man, and though the sport has hitherto been confined to the “old woman,” it is quite possible that the children of Girton will now smile upon it, and bend bows which the “new man” cannot for the life of him move. Both, however, will be the better for this really excellent book, which is not only full of zeal and of research, but satisfies the requirements of the Badminton Library in that it teaches the novice. I, myself, have known considerable disappointment when perusing some recent books in this series, and principally for the reason that they were written for experts, when they should have been written for the ignorant. No such charge can be laid against this work. In an earnest and zealous endeavour to spread abroad knowledge of their hobby, the authors have got down to fundamentals, and have put the budding Bowman through all his paces. They teach him how to stand, how to notch his arrow, how to “loose”; they guide him in the purchase of weapons; they do all that can be done in a treatise, and more than is done in half the treatises published. And in this they have the co-operation of many well-known archers, and the help of illustrations which are up to their own high level of work.

MAX PEMBERTON.



MARTYRDOM OF ST. SEBASTIAN.

From a Drawing by Signor Mariannetti, published by the Arundel Society.

SMALL TALK.

The Queen is expected to return to Windsor Castle from Osborne on or about Friday, Feb. 15, and she will start for the Continent the third week in March. Her Majesty will stay on the Riviera for a month, and then return home through Germany, so that she is not likely to reach England until quite the end of April, and she will remain at Windsor over Whitsuntide. Her Majesty is to reside at Buckingham Palace for two or three days early in March. The Queen has been very well indeed since the advent of the recent cold weather, and is at present in excellent health. Every day her Majesty takes a long drive, and her carriage has, on several occasions, passed through Newport. The park at Osborne affords over eight miles of private drives. The Queen now takes warm sea-baths at Osborne, and these have proved very beneficial

expected to arrive at Cannes about March 9, and his Royal Highness is to spend a month in the South of Europe.

The Queen has taken a great interest in the political crisis in France, and for several days telegrams and messengers were constantly passing between London and Osborne. Her Majesty has an intimate knowledge of the different political questions of the day, and the advice she occasionally proffers is received by the Ministers of the Crown not alone with the polite deference which would be accorded as a matter of course, but with the keenest attention and consideration.

Colonel Bigge returned to Osborne from Nice last week, bringing with him a long and exhaustive report upon the advantages and disadvantages of the Grand Hôtel de Cimiez as a royal residence. It is understood that it is now practically settled that the Queen will take the



LADY MILNER AND HER DAUGHTERS, DOREEN AND VIOLET.

PROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. D. BRIGHAM, SCARBOROUGH.

to the rheumatic affection of the knees from which her Majesty has now suffered for so many years.

There are to be two State Balls and two State Concerts at Buckingham Palace this year, and the Queen has decided that they are all to take place in the month of June.

The Dowager Duchess of Athole is to officiate as Mistress of the Robes at the Court functions before Easter, which will consist of the two Drawing Rooms, one at the end of February and the other the beginning of March, the first of which will be held by the Queen, the second by Princess Christian. The Dowager Duchess of Roxburghe will be Mistress of the Robes at the later functions of the season—namely, the May Drawing Rooms, the two State Balls, and the two State Concerts. When the Duchess of Bedford refused to accept the office of Mistress of the Robes in 1892, on account of the late Duke having become a Unionist, a strong effort was made to secure the post for Lady Granville; but Mr. Gladstone would be content with nothing less than a Duchess, so the position was "put into commission" between the Duchesses of Athole and Roxburghe.

The Prince of Wales has not yet fixed the dates of the two Levées which he is to hold at St. James's Palace before he goes to the Riviera, but the first of them will not take place before Feb. 14. The Prince is

hotel, and various instructions have been sent to Nice. The Queen will occupy a suite of rooms on the first floor of the hotel, consisting of a drawing-room, dining-room, and private sitting-room, all looking south, and a bedroom and dressing-room with a northern aspect. The furniture for the royal bedroom will all be sent from Windsor Castle. Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are to occupy the second floor of the hotel, and rooms will also be found here for Lady Churchill, Colonel Bigge, and a few of the personal servants.

The Queen's sojourn on the Continent will also take many other people there. Lady Milner is going to Cannes to stay with her mother, Mrs. Beckett, who is passing the winter there. Lady Milner, with her husband, Sir Frederick Milner, M.P., have been visiting the Duke and Duchess of Portland at Welbeck. She has two daughters, and a son and heir who is only a baby.

Concerning "An Ideal Husband," the latest *on dit* is too good to forget before committing it to a sketchy immortality. Going the way of all play-acting manuscripts, accepted or otherwise, the "Husband" was sent by post to its author for a pruning that would fit in with Haymarket exigencies. Recognising the inevitable with sentiments that still approached a sigh, Oscar the Ostensible waved a violet-tipped cigarette in the air, and said, with a speechless air: "Who am I that I should mutilate a masterpiece?" There wasn't a dry eye in the company.

Pantomime is the children's own in more senses than one, for, while it amuses the little folk in front, it affords employment for many children and gives their first stage start to some others. Such a start has been given to Miss Dolly Gaisford, who is appearing as the Spirit of Curiosity in the Crystal Palace pantomime. Although only twelve, she has a strong voice—she made a hit in an operetta last summer—and she is a dainty dancer.

Staring down, big and white, upon the Aylesbury road stands Shardeloes Manor, the family seat of the Drakes. Now to Shardeloes, not the great white house aforesaid, but the old dark-red one that used to stand higher the hill-crest, are tacked one or two quaint bits of history. Elizabeth, of gracious memory, bestowed the Manor upon the Tothills originally, and in after days William of that ilk was much looked up to locally as the father of thirty-three children. The eldest—or Queen Bee, so to speak, of this very large swarm—married one Sir Francis Drake, of Fisher, in Surrey; and Sir William, son of Sir Francis, thus acquired Shardeloes by inheritance, and the neighbouring Manor of Amersham by purchase. Here, in the broad old halls of the red house, William Tothill received the much-travelled Elizabeth, who was, without doubt, much gratified at her entertainment at Mr. Tothill's charges, for she presented him with a portrait of her gracious self and of My Lord Chancellor, Sir Christopher Hatton. And these hang in the present Manor-house to this day. Its gardens were the chief joy and pride of Shardeloes, and were originally formed on the site of an ancient moat, which had been drained and filled by the energy of the aforesaid William Tothill. The house is thrown into startling relief by the dark background of beeches, a noted fox-hunting, where the Old Bunkley have enjoyed many a jolly spin under their M. F. H., Captain Drake. Here it was that the famous kennel of Dring used to range, till some inquisitive masters put a period to its existence. In front of the house is a broad sheet of water, formed by damming the little river Misbourne, which around it are scattered some of the most grotesque forest giants in the county.

The spot where now stands Waddesdon Manor, the magnificent country seat of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, was, once upon a time, a treeless stretch of heath and bough, cumbered with the ruins of a crumbling old shell that was once the Manor-house of Waddesdon. What changes it has seen, to be sure! Verteslina, as the old charters spell it, was once the property of the Saxon Queen Edith, from whom it passed by gift to the Cispius, to one and then another branch of the unlucky Countenays, to Neville, Archbishop of York, to the Bourchiers in 1483, and to the Countenays again, who lost it finally by the treason of Thomas, then Marquis of Dorset, in 1539. It was afterwards bestowed by the Crown upon the Godwyns, from whom it went to the Whartons, and finally, in 1726, it became the property of the trustees of the Marlborough family, out of whose hands it passed by purchase into those of Baron de Rothschild. Out of what was then a hopelessly dreary waste has sprung, within a few years, what is to all intents and purposes an old English park. The mansion, which is of fine architectural beauty, is of French design, and is somewhat lighter in appearance than the majority of the "great houses of England." The labour in forming the grounds has been enormous, consisting, as it

did, in transplanting bodily hundreds of huge trees, a work that is, perhaps, almost unique, if we except one of similar nature at Welbeck Abbey. The old village, with its wretched cottages, has been replaced by neat dwellings for the tenants and labourers, and there is to be found what is perhaps the daintiest and handsomest inn in England, "The Five Arrows." There is an exceptionally fine and well-stocked aviary in the grounds.

One's interest in journalism may be measured by one's outlook for new enterprises. The latest monthly magazine which has reached me is entitled *Reality*—a good title for a book, a play, but not a magazine, I consider. It calls itself "an independent monthly journal dealing with leading social questions and necessary reforms, and a review of passing events." The introduction is "On the necessity of seeing things as they are," and the other contents touch such subjects as Suicide, Betting, and Municipal Pawnbroking. No name of the writers is familiar to me, and it will remain to be seen whether there is room for "a fearlessly conducted and outspoken publication." The first number is not very exciting, it must be confessed, nor are twenty-two pages of type quite as good value for sixpence as magazines go nowadays.

I have to hail the arrival of another monthly magazine in *Tyneside*, which specially concerns itself with the North Country. A portrait of Lord Armstrong adorned the first number, and with the second was presented an excellent likeness of Mr. Joseph Cowen, whose worth as an orator was fully appreciated only after he had left the House of Commons. There are plenty of illustrations in *Tyneside*, and many of them are first-class. The portrait of the Hotspur Club Secretary putting smoke is decidedly original. A short story and an article by Mr. W. D. Welford, illustrated with camera snap-shots, are other features in what promises to be an agreeable North Country magazine.

I quote from the *Morning*: "Mr. George Augustus Sala's 'Echoes of the Week,' which have been a prominent feature in some papers for more than a quarter of a century, have disappeared, though it may be only temporarily. They began in the *Illustrated London News*, and were transferred a few years ago to the *Sunday Times*. With the late

change in the proprietorship and editorship of this old weekly journal, the 'Echoes' were reduced in length and put into smaller type, and now the familiar 'G. A. S.' has been cut off at the meter."

I hear that Mr. George Wyndham, the Member for Dover, has found the money for the *New Review*, under Mr. Henley's editorship. This may explain why the very crude verses, called "A Walking Skirt," and signed "George Wyndham," have a place in Mr. Henley's first number. We all know Mr. Henley as a poet, and especially as a very severe critic, and I shudder to think of the agonies he must have suffered before he sent Mr. Wyndham's muse to the printer.

So many professions and occupations are represented by their own particular organs in the Press that perhaps one ought not to be surprised to hear that the bill-posters of Cincinnati are now enjoying the support of a weekly paper, which bears the uncompromising title of *Billboard Advertising*.



Photo by Lambeth, 1, Cromwell Road, W.

MISS DOLLY GAISFORD.

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C. HENTSCHEL, J.S.

MISS MARIE LLOYD AS BOY BLUE, AT THE SHAKESPEARE THEATRE, LIVERPOOL.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HANA, STRAND.

THE BOOK AND ITS STORY.

AN ARTIST'S LIFE.*

"Reminiscences" abound, but few, of late years, have been so interesting as these of Mr. Lehmann, which are written simply and sincerely, and record meetings and friendships with many of the most notable personages of a century past drawing to its close. It is all but sixty years since Mr. Lehmann, then a youth of sixteen, left Hamburg to join his elder brother in Paris to learn an art which he has since practised with such distinction. With the exception of writing some poetry, which obtained honourable mention from Heine, he had, up to this time, shown no leaning to the fine arts—in fact, he had shown something like the reverse. His father tried to teach him the violin; the son took the notes too low. The father affirmed that this was "sheer laziness, but would not allow that taking them too high was a laudable excess of zeal." The father, a successful miniature-painter, set him to draw from the east of Niobe; the son found the task tedious, and, having clothed Niobe in his father's dressing-gown and smoking-cap, and added to these the paternal pipe and spectacles, thought the claims of art satisfied.

Nevertheless, ere long the painter that was to be found himself undergoing the fatigue of a diligence journey from Hamburg to Paris, performed in six stages of twenty-four hours each. All the windows were shut, and everyone smoked; but when this "tyranny was overpast," Mr. Lehmann was in Paris, and could see Meyerbeer, Liszt, Chopin, Hiller, Humboldt, and Heine, "who had a disagreeable way of asking young students, 'Well, are you going to achieve something in the world?'"—a question which young Lehmann, not having the gift of reading futurity, probably heard with a certain sinking of the heart.

Mr. Lehmann studied art in earnest—it was not spelt with a big A in those days. He learnt the ways of the *rapins* (art students), the *charges* (tricks) with which they harassed the new-comers, and the *blague* which went on then as now. His work prospered, his elder brother's prospered still more, and the two set out for Rome, *via* Hamburg and Munich, where Rudolf Lehmann saw Cornelius and Kaulbach, and that great art patron, King Ludwig, who, when Turner presented him with a picture for his Walhalla, returned it, as the work of a lunatic, a fact explained by a remark of Mr. Lehmann's, that the Munich artists "utterly neglected the study of colour, treating it as an accessory of no importance, as a thing which was sure to turn up naturally whenever wanted."

In Rome, commissions began to come in, and Mr. Lehmann knew everyone, and saw everything; in Florence he even had the good fortune to have the lion's share in the discovery of the only authentic contemporary portrait of Dante—that in the Palazzo del Bargello. What must have been his feelings when the plaster fell, and that awful eye and stern face were revealed?

There are some amusing details about Lamartine, whose proclamation of the Republic seems to have been caused by the very circumstances which might have seemed more likely to induce him to proclaim a Regency. "I was ill-disposed (indisposed?) that morning," he said; "I had a cold and no voice, and on my way to the Chamber I was wavering as to my vote, when in the vestibule I was met by the widowed Duchesse d'Orléans, who, with her two sons, had courageously remained behind while all the rest of the Royal Family had fled. She implored me, with tears in her eyes, to use my influence for a declaration of a Régence, pending the majority of her eldest son, the Comte de Paris, but I would not and could not make any promise; and, entering the House, I mounted the tribune and, as by a sudden inspiration, proclaimed the Republic. It was, you know, carried with acclamation."

"M. Rud. Lehmann, Garde National du 4^{ème} Batt: 10^{ème} Legion, 4^{ème} Comp," saw a good many strange things during the Revolution of 1848, but the account of his first visit to England is more interesting to us. He had the keen eye of an artist for peculiarities of face and manner, and the fresh eye of a stranger. He landed at St. Katherine's

Wharf, April 20, 1850, and, this being the anniversary of the defeat of the Invincible Armada, all the ships in the river were decorated with bunting. How many of the natives of this country know of this custom? His first experience of England was an unpleasant one. All his letters of introduction to great persons in England, with the illustrious names of these persons on one side, and the big seals, and crests, and coats of arms of the illustrious persons who had given them to him on the other, were confiscated by the Custom House officers as so many attempts to defraud the Post Office. Hence we may learn that letters of introduction were, in 1850, given sealed. Mr. Lehmann had, of course, not broken these seals, but the Custom House officers had no such scruple. What they read impressed them deeply, and, with an awestruck air, an officer handed the letters back with the curiously awkward words, "You are very highly recommended. I wish you may thrive."

Mr. Lehmann's second impression of our country was the usual one that has chilled foreigners before and since—Mérimée, for instance.

On Sunday morning, when he looked out of the windows of his house in Mayfair, he was amazed at the dead silence which reigned there. "At 11 a.m., however, all doors opened simultaneously, and out walked solemn gentlemen in black (butlers, as I since learned), with black books under their arms. The doors were slammed to in quick succession. Then came the carriages to fetch the masters, or rather, mistresses, and finally the servants emerged from the areas, all with prayer-books; silence followed again till one o'clock, when the whole party returned in inverse order." This was his first experience of an English Sunday. Then he presented his letter of introduction to "Lady A.," but she explained that the only art she cared for was that which produced Dresden china shepherds and shepherdesses. It was all very chilling, but London society soon warmed to the young portrait-painter, and the great men of the earth sat to him, and the beautiful women. He has known everybody, and remembered something about everybody. Lord Lytton and the rosy-cheeked American apple—"To think there are people who can eat *that*!"; Robert Browning and the twelve pebbles which decided the twelve chapters of "The Ring and the Book"; Wilkie Collins and his laudanum; George Eliot and her bedside book, a Hebrew or a Greek Bible; Thorwaldsen and the "Pontef-Molle" Club; Landsber and the custodian's angry reproof when he accidentally touched his own picture



Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. RUDOLF LEHMANN.

in the Exhibition—"I am afraid I have touched it before!" remarked Landsber—all these people live in Mr. Lehmann's pages.

Mr. Lehmann had a laudable zeal for information. Lord Granville had given him a ticket to see the Prorogation of Parliament by the Queen in person, and he had seen the Duke of Wellington bearing the sword of state in his hands, the Marquis of Lansdowne carrying the crown on one crimson velvet cushion, and the Marquis of Winchester carrying the Cap of Maintenance on another. Mr. Lehmann was at a loss to account for the presence of a red velvet cap bordered with fur in such a ceremonial, so, being at a party at Lord Granville's that night, he asked his host what was its significance? "His Lordship did not know; 'but,' he added, 'there is the Marquis of Winchester, who carried it this morning. I will go and ask him.' I saw them converse in a whisper, after which Lord Granville returned to me. 'He does not know either,' he said; and no more do I to this day." Persons in possession of such painful facts concerning the ignorance of our governing classes should assuredly be kept in this country, and we, happily, have been able to keep Mr. Lehmann.

VIOLET HUNT.

Mr. Machen's "Great God Pan" (John Lane) is concerned more with the nerves than with the imagination. We respect such things as, aiming at the ghastly, do actually make us afraid in the dark and give us hideous dreams. Mr. Machen's inhuman conceptions are put into ingenious forms, and exhibit many different clevernesses; only, his bogles don't scare. In his next attempt, however, he may come out on the right side.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



"CORRECT ANATOLE."

promis à ma mère de ne pas toucher à une carte."

Correct Anatole!

He began by instructing me in the virtues. "L'histoire d'un homme," he says piously, "c'est presque toujours l'histoire d'une femme ou d'un cheval."

Anatole took the keenest interest in my welfare. He disapproved of my bachelor life. "Il faut vous marier, Monsieur," he said when I was low-spirited, and he brought me tea or soda-water in the morning.

"Savez-vous, Anatole, je ne veux pas me marier? Marry yourself!"

"Ah, Monsieur," he used to say, "the domesticities are denied the valet-de-chambre."

In Paris, Anatole's conduct was a criticism on my own; but when we came to London for the season he occasionally gave evidence of human frailties. One night, returning late from the club, I found him overcome by a very heavy sleep—in my chair. My practised eye revealed the truth—Anatole was drunk. The correct Anatole, who adored sobriety!

"Savez-vous, Anatole," I said sternly; "vous êtes soûl."

But Anatole only smiled seraphically.

"Soul comme un cochon," I repeated sternly.

"Tel maître, tel valet," hiccuped Anatole feebly.

I raised him with difficulty, and pushed him into his own room, where he fell on the floor; there I left him in the dark and without matches.

The next morning Anatole was *désolé*. Of course he had met some *ancien camarade*, who had caused him to deviate from the paths of strict sobriety.

"Figure to yourself, Monsieur, I shall never forgive myself. Intoxication is the vice I most detest."

The attractive young woman who acted as cook-house-keeper for me—I live in chambers in Piccadilly—interceded for Anatole.

The charming Anatole!

But although Anatole was reinstated, he had fallen from his high estate. Morally he was no better than I, and I was relieved.

"I couldn't have believed it of you, Anatole," said I.

I lectured him for some time, and in French. I fancy he found it tedious.

"Mais abrégeons, Monsieur, abrégeons! Que voulez vous? J'ai les défauts de mes qualités, voilà tout."

But one morning came and there was no Anatole. I shouted for him; but there was no response.

"Savez-vous, je veux mon thé?" I cried, regardless of idiomatic consequence.

Then Richards, Mlle. Richards, as Anatole politely insisted on calling her, came to the rescue.

"Where the deuce is Anatole?" I asked.

She knocked at his door, but without result. Finally I ran into the passage in my silk pyjamas, and shouted through the keyhole, for the door was locked.

Then Richards burst into tears.

"Perhaps he's killed himself, Sir," she lamented; "he was that high-spirited."

"Killed himself, indeed!" said I savagely. "More likely he's drunk. Here, get me a screw-driver."

Then I stormed the fortress.

NATOLE.

BY PERCY WHITE.

CHAPTER I.

There was a time when I was proud of Anatole, and he seemed proud of me. I am *tant soit peu cosmopolite*, and engaged Anatole to valet me because I thought he looked honest, and I wanted someone to cure me of my conversationally fatal habit of saying "Savez-vous?" whenever I addressed a Frenchman.

"Il est assommant, le vieux Savez-vous."

I am quoting the words of a Parisian acquaintance, overheard in a certain club in the Rue de Rivoli after the speaker had won a thousand francs of me at *écarté*.

"Le jeu est fort mauvais, Monsieur," said Anatole. "J'ai

The bright French bird was flown, and in haste. However, he had not omitted to take as much of my property as he could conveniently carry, including four five-pound notes from the secret drawer in my dressing-case.

The tearful Richards fetched a policeman, and we then totted up the sum total of his depredations.

Scotland Yard promised me my Anatole. The promise was never kept.

When the constable was gone I had a painful interview with Richards, the other victim of his bow and spear. Anatole had often assured me that it was always a case of "*cherchez la femme*!" Poor Richards! such a nice young woman, too! He had promised to marry her. Now her savings had vanished with her deceitful lover.

"He kept on putting off our marriage, Sir, which wasn't acting fairly by me, so yesterday I said if he didn't intend to marry me he might at least pay me the money he owed me. But he laid his hand on his heart in his pretty French way and promised me he would tell you all about our engagement to-day. He had such nice manners, so different to the common English servants.

"Mademoiselle," he said, just like a gentleman, "you can believe in my honour."

"He told me, Sir, that he was a nobleman in his own country."

Poor Richards! I was sorry for her; and she could cook, although she had been reading penny novelettes, which did not improve it.

Under the circumstances I perceived that she could not with any decency remain in my service, so I paid her a month's wages, shut up my chambers, and left town, never expecting to hear any more of Anatole.

Besides Providence, there is always blind Chance to reckon with. The latter inscrutable power intervened.

CHAPTER II.

It was at Nice, at the Carnival. The streets were full of masked figures, bearing bags of *confetti*. Men and women, in every possible costume, under a cloud of white dust from the showers of chalky missiles, danced, pranced, laughed, and gesticulated in streaks of fluttering colour. I among them. I am so un-English. Suddenly a dapper little domino in a long wrapper accosted me.

"Monsieur, veut bien faire un rigaudon avec moi?" said the masker.

There was something familiar in the voice.

Of course, I entered into the spirit of the thing. I always do.

While he pranced round me I broke into a Scotch reel.

"A 'gigue écossais,'" said I in explanation.

"Nom d'un chien! Le vieux Savez-vous!"

The stranger flung a big handful of *confetti* into my face, turned and fled, and was lost in the crowd.

"Le vieux Savez-vous!"

How the name stuck to me. To have it flung, with a handful of chalky pellets, in my teeth damped my spirits. I went back to the Hôtel des Anglais and brushed the dust from my hair.



"Tel maître, tel valet," hiccuped Anatole feebly.

Dinner and a bottle of champagne, followed by a pint of Burgundy, restored my complacency. In the evening I felt quite young again, and sought the great square where the effigy is burnt and the Carnival dies in a splutter of fireworks and a spasm of bacchanalian danceings.

Above the tall houses, in the blue-black sky, shone the great stars. The glare and the blare of the wild scene below rushed aloft to greet them on the luminous wings of the rocket and in the crash of the bursting maroon. *Clamor ferit aurea sidera.* I am an Oxford man.

The spirit and excitement of the scene seized upon me, and I joined hands with a long line of dancers whirling round the pyre on which the Carnival dies.

"Mon Dieu! encore le vieux Savez-vous." The cry comes from my neighbour on the right.

Round and round we pranced, and at last when the whirling ring broke up I still clung to him. He struggled to get free, and I pulled off his mask with my left hand.

"So it's you, Anatole?"

"Oui! M'sieur, mes compliments à Madame," he said impertinently.



"Il n'y a pas de Madame," said I sternly, being very much annoyed.

"Tant pis v'là tout," replied Anatole, evidently determined to brave it out.

"Anatole," said I, "you are a thief, and I mean to hand you over to the commissaire of police."

"Vaut pas la peine, Monsieur. A long business and a lot of expense. You never did like expense."

"It's a duty I owe to society."

"Duty. Vous blaguez. Voyons. Can't you see that it is a case of mistaken identity? Je ne m'appelle pas Anatole. I am Cassimir de la Tour. J'arrive de Monte Carlo."

He made another effort to escape, but I held him tightly, for I had both right and might on my side.

"Know, thief," I said sternly, "that an Englishman always does his duty."

"On vous a bien changé alors!" said Anatole, still struggling.

Suddenly the hat of a *sergent-de-ville* appeared over the heads of the throng.

"Au secours!" shouted Anatole. "Au secours! On me vole."

The policeman hurried up, and suddenly, instead of trying to escape, Anatole clung to me like a leech.

"Arrivez donc, Monsieur le Brigadier!" he shouted.

Before I had time to collect my senses he explained that I was a "filou anglais," a desperate "piquepocket," whose hand he had actually caught in the act of spoliation.

The *sergent* took me by the collar—me, an innocent man!

This so exasperated me that, losing all control, I shook him violently off, and dealt Anatole a back-hander which made his nose bleed copiously, and which is now my one remaining solace.

"Au secours!" shrieked Anatole, mopping his nose. "Au secours! Prenez garde, *sergent*, il va vous flanquer un coup de poing formidable. Faut lui lier les mains."

There was no doubt who was the guilty party now. Another *sergent-de-ville* came to the assistance of the first, and, after a violent but incoherent protest, nearly blind with rage, I was *conduisis au violon*, my hands bound together by a neat little chain, to be charged with attempting to pick the pocket of my own thievish ex-valet.

What a situation! I was speechless with wrath.

"C'est lui le voleur! C'est lui le voleur!" I shrieked.

In vain I threatened the two policemen with the British Ambassador, the Mediterranean Fleet, and a letter to the *Times*.

"Je m'en moque de ta flotte coquin," said the man who had his hand on my collar; "fermes ta gueule."

Anatole, his nose in his handkerchief, walked on in front with the other *gardien*, expatiating on the brutalities of the British nation.

My humiliating pilgrimage ended at last. Here the ingenious Anatole put me on the rack again.

"I charge this person," he said to the officer on duty, "with an attempt to pick my pocket."

Then, while the official wrote down his false accusation in a big black book, the little scoundrel told his specious tale.

I had introduced myself to him, he related, with an air of supreme innocence, looking the acme of French bourgeois respectability, in the Place Messina, evidently with the purpose of robbing him.

Here I called Anatole a "sacré cochon," and tried to get at him, to inflict punishment on him with my boots, but the little crowd of policemen thrust me violently to the further end of the office.

When I was breathless and overpowered Anatole continued his simple story.

It was not until he caught my hand in his coat-pocket that he knew with whom he had to deal. A struggle then ensued, and I made desperate efforts to escape. The prompt arrival of an energetic *gardien* rendered this impossible.

"I have reason to suspect, Monsieur," continued Anatole, "that the accused is impersonating the character of an eccentric and wealthy Englishman of property, well known in Paris as the 'vieux Savez-vous.'"

"Vous mentez!" I shrieked. "Tas d'imbéciles. J'écrirai à la Reine."

"Silence!" cried the little official, who was laboriously writing at his desk. "If you are not quiet you shall be gagged."

The ruffian who had arrested me next deposed that I was evidently a desperate and dangerous character, and that I had smitten M. Cassimir de la Tour on the nose to the extent of shedding his blood.

My evil deeds filled a long column of the Black Book.

When the *sergent* at the desk asked me what I had to say, I replied that Anatole was a liar, and that he, the *sergent*, was an imbecile, to which he replied that I was intoxicated.

At a sign, a couple of truculent-looking fellows seized me.

My heart sank; they meant to lock me—me, an innocent man!—up for the night.

In moments of excitement my French failed me. It failed me then.

They searched my pockets for a revolver—and at Anatole's suggestion.

"And now, Monsieur le Brigadier," said Anatole, when this humiliating operation was over, "I think I may depart. Here is my card, and of course I shall be at hand as *temoin* in the prosecution of this dangerous criminal."

Then the wretch departed, leaving the station with a charming bow.

I sank upon a bench, overcome with wrath, and in my savage bewilderment incapable of speech.

"Mes compliments à la chaste Richards, mon vieux Savez-vous," he whispered as he passed me.

"Cochon!" was all I could spit after him.

Then I was permitted to write a note to the manager of the hotel, who knew me, while the policeman, convinced it was a piece of amusing bluff, laughed sardonically.

After it was despatched I was thrust into a dirty and evil-smelling lock-up, crowded with garlic-scented misdemeanants, who welcomed my arrival with a howl of derision.

Here, if there had been a vacant bench, and thirst for vengeance had not dried the sacred fount of tears, I could have sat down and wept. What a Carnival! What a Carnival! I would have preferred a six months' fast.

At last my torture ended.

The manager came round at midnight. My identity was established, to the supreme dismay of the conceited and pompous little official chiefly responsible for so terrible a blunder.

"Vous êtes un incapable, je vous dis!" I thundered at him; "et je vous ferais mis à la porte. Vous m'avez insulté, et je demande réparation."

"Du sang froid, je vous en prie," pleaded my friend the manager.

The little police officer, who had lately bullied me, now overwhelmed me with apologies.

"Une erreur déplorable et regrettable sans doute. Mais que voulez vous?" My conduct had been so violent and misleading.

As a consolation they promised that Anatole should be caught at once. "This, Monsieur," said the mortified official, "is the best reparation we can make."

And Anatole?

He escaped the police of the Riviera as easily as he had avoided those of London. He was in Genoa by the time they began to think of catching him. I have never seen him since. But if I ever should! I would give four other five-pound notes for the pleasure of hitting him on the nose again.

Who knows? They say the whirligig of time brings its revenges.

Who can swear that Anatole's nose is safe?

THE VALE ARTISTS.

I.—CHARLES HAZELWOOD SHANNON.

Art for Art's sake sounds very well, but is only practicable under certain conditions. The necessity of earning a living must ever break upon the dreams of the idealist, who works according to his own beliefs. Yet it is, perhaps, fortunate, alike for art and literature, that some men prefer to pursue their ideals through long and tedious years rather than do work in which they do not believe.

The little *coterie* with whose labours I am about to deal has forced itself into public notice. Appealing at first to but a small section of the *cognoscenti*, Charles Ricketts, Charles Hazelwood Shannon, Lucien Pissarro, Reginald Savage, Sturge Moore, and others, have slowly but surely advanced. True it is that the man in the street knows them not, nor does the Philistine aspire to

understand them; but that is because they have not courted the glare of publicity, and have been content to discover and emend their own imperfections, to work out their own artistic salvation, unknown, save to a few.

In the stress and turmoil of our daily life, where those of us who have aught to say wish to say it before the best-paying public, where with absolute frankness we praise our friends and decry our enemies, there is some strange charm to be found in circles where work is not measured by the usual standard of pounds, shillings, and pence. I do not pose as being free from the mercenary taint; I write for the papers that pay me best, and am not ashamed of the fact. I only confess that a change from the mercenary motive is pleasant—to contemplate. Of course, the true artistic cult has many imitators; but with regard to the men now under discussion, there is no room for doubt as to the genuine nature of their principles. In the early days they were often compelled to take what came, in the way of work; as soon as they were able to choose they decided to follow their own opinions. Success has now reached them, and finds them hard at work, rejoicing in the past, satisfied with the present, and hopeful for the future.

Charles Hazelwood Shannon, who may claim, since Whistler's retirement to France, to be the greatest English lithographer of the present time, came into notice when, in conjunction with Ricketts and others, he started the *Dial*. The reproductions given here will



A ROMANTIC LANDSCAPE.—CHARLES H. SHANNON.

indicate the charm of his work, which, from inception to completion, passes through no hand save his own. It is, however, right to mention that a certain number of designs for exhibition and for two numbers of the *Dial* were printed by Thomas Way, who, since the 'seventies, has done so much towards the revival of lithography in England. Apart from this single instance, Shannon has done everything by himself. He draws his design upon the stone with lithographic chalk; he puts it under acid to render it insensible to water; he presses and prints the limited number of impressions, and then removes the design from the stone, so that no success, however great, can result in the publication of more than the advertised number of copies. It may be advisable to pause here and say a few words about lithography itself.

One Senefelder claims the honour of its invention, but his object would seem to have been nothing more than the cheaper reproduction of music sheets. The first man to bring lithography into high repute was Goya, the brilliant, eccentric, and often indecent Spaniard, whose lithographs of bull-fights in Spain are as marvellous in execution as they are daring in design. Goya was exiled, and did his lithographs in France at the beginning of the present century. He may, I fancy, be regarded as the father of the impressionist school which has produced Camille Pissarro,



LINEN-BLEACHERS.—CHARLES H. SHANNON.

A Lithograph from a recent Portfolio.

Degas, Manet, and other celebrated men. Delacroix is famous for his illustrations to "Faust," which were so admired by Goethe, while Daumier and Gavarni, the caricaturists, did valuable lithographic work, but only because lithography afforded the cheapest and most rapid method of reproducing their cartoons. Some time in the 'sixties, Bracquemont, Legros, and Fantin Latour started experiments together, but discontinued them, and, of the three, only Fantin Latour continued to regard lithography as a direct artistic medium. His work was undoubtedly the best until Whistler turned his attention to lithography, and further developed the process by the introduction of "wash." Whistler may be said to have done for it what Rembrandt did for etching, or Turner for water-colour.

The commercial value of lithography lies in the practically unlimited number of impressions to be obtained from a single stone, but, for trade purposes, photography is largely used for putting the design on to the stone. As I have said, the value of Shannon's work lies in the fact that every impression is a piece of his original work. The same remark applies with equal force to the wood-engravings he has made with Ricketts, and the engravings in colour by Lucien Pissarro.

Shannon was a frequent exhibitor at the Grosvenor Gallery during its latter years. Sir Coutts Lindsay started the Pastel Society, of which he was one of the original members, and his work there attracted considerable attention. He is a member of the Royal Society of Painter Etchers, but, unless I am mistaken, has only once exhibited at the gallery in Pall Mall. Conjointly with Ricketts he published "Daphnis and Chloe," illustrated with some thirty-six woodcuts. They designed and engraved them together after a year's work, and their success is shown by the fact that the book is now out of print and very scarce. A year later, the two produced "Hero and Leander." Shannon's latest work is a portfolio of lithographs from which "The Linen-Bleachers," here reproduced, is taken.

To attempt a detailed criticism of such work is impossible. Such specimens as are here represented cannot give a really adequate idea of the ground he has covered. His lithographs in line, his studies in grey chalk and in silverpoint, are all worthy of special study. They have delicacy of treatment, refinement of conception, and some subtle charm, difficult to analyse.

THEOCRITUS.

"THE CHIEFTAIN," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



COUNT VASQUEZ DE GONZAGO (MR. COURTICE POUNDS).

"Gentlemen, I'm unarmed; I give you my word I won't attempt to escape."



PETER ADOLPHUS GRIGG (MR. WALTER PASSMORE).

"Hello! What's that?
'Twasn't a cat!'"



THE CHIEFTAIN DISGUISED AS A POLISH COURIER (MR. SCOTT FISKE).

"I'll see you to Paris and drive you about,
To every café and show."



GRIGG, IN THE CHIEFTAIN'S DRESS.

"How can I like a chieftain?
Confound the band and hat!"

"THE CHIEFTAIN," AT THE SAVOY THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. Hills and Saunders, Sloane Street, S.W.



DOLLY (MISS FLORENCE PERRY).

"To Spain," said my husband, "I'm forced, dear, to go."
 Said I, "I go with you, that's flat."
 "Which doubles expenses," says he, "as you know."
 I owned, "There is something in that."



RITA (MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN).

"To whatever you say, as I'm bound to obey,
 I will swear without any restriction;
 I'll aid you a bit, with my womanly wit,
 And an air that will carry conviction."



INEZ, CHIEFTAINESS OF THE LADRONES (MISS ROSINA BRANDRAM).

"Down! down! and beg my pardon on your knees!"



JUANITA (MISS EMMIE OWEN).

"I'm of the Imperial ballet the pet!"

THE PATTI OF COMIC OPERA AT HOME.

A CHAT WITH MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

Every member of "the profession," from Miss Ellen Terry to the youngest chorister who has come across her path, has a kind word to say for the beautiful singer who is sometimes called the Patti of comic opera.

"What do I think of Florence St. John?" cried a candid critic of whom I had asked the question. "Why, she's the kindest-hearted little woman on or off the stage; always on the look-out for a chance to do anybody a good turn. With that, a regular Devonshire lass, who can make a beefsteak pudding with anybody, and is as good a housewife as you would find in the three kingdoms."

I realised the truth of this latter piece of information when I was shown into Miss St. John's dainty boudoir drawing-room, filled with mementoes of my hostess's brilliant professional career, and souvenirs of countless friends, and yet innocent of any disorder or lack of neatness.

"You see," smilingly extending a dainty feather brush, "I am very domesticated, and not a little of my spare time is spent in keeping all my little treasures in good condition."

"May you look round the room? Why, certainly. Here, you see, are my photographs. I like to have my friends, past and present, round me. This is an excellent portrait of Patti, isn't it? And poor Fred Leslie, the best and cleverest of fellows, close to Leoncavallo, the author of 'Pagliacci,' who dedicated to me his charming 'To-night and To-morrow.' That smart-looking man is Jan van Beers, a very particular friend of mine; and here are Ristori and Christine Nilsson. That lovely little head? Why, that's a pen-and-ink drawing done of me many years ago by Frank Miles. He said I was the most difficult woman he had ever drawn, my expression changed so constantly. Those two large watercolours of me in costume are by Riccardi, and are said to be admirable examples of his work. I always keep," she continued, "a souvenir of every part I play; and here," fingering affectionately a miniature American flag, pinned on to a screen, "is a small trophy of 'Little Christopher Columbus,' while this is a tiny portion of the gown I wore when I first played 'Madame Favart.' We might spend all day looking over my things, so let us sit down by the fire and proceed to the 'interview,'" she concluded, laughing.

And as I sat looking at the childish-looking though finely chiselled face, over whose features every varying mood was reflected as she talked, it was difficult to believe that here was no *ingénue débutante*, but a brilliant woman of the world, who counted her triumphs, from that of the *title-role* of "Madame Favart" to Rita in "The Chieftain," by the score, a singer equally popular on both sides of the Atlantic.

"I think I must have been stage-struck in my cradle," and the mobile face quivered. "I literally cannot live unless I am either rehearsing or 'in the bill'; now and again I have tried taking a rest, but it was of no use—as soon as eight o'clock struck I always felt as if I ought to be going down to the theatre. I sometimes wonder what will happen to me when I am obliged to give up work," and she shuddered.

"And do you encourage others to follow in your successful footsteps?"

"No, indeed! As it is, the profession is terribly overcrowded, and I could tell you of first-rate actors and actresses who have nothing to do. I came across a heart-breaking case the other day, that of a really admirable comedian, who, after tramping over all London for a job, found himself laid up with pleurisy, he and his wife and five children all living in one room. My mother—she is the best mother and woman in the world—heard of it and went off to see what could be done; but there are other cases of the same kind of which nothing is known till too late.

"This state of things," added Miss St. John, "is greatly due to the incursion of amateurs on to the stage. Managers are naturally on the look-out for new talent, and, in the second- and third-rate theatres a good-looking beginner will often get a part in consideration of the business he or she can bring there."

"By the way, Miss St. John, there has been a rumour of your going on to what I may call the legitimate stage?"

She smiled somewhat mysteriously. "I am very fond of acting, and I hope to have a chance of showing some day what I can do in that line. Perhaps I may take the part of Peg Woffington when Mr. Beerbohm

Tree revives 'Masks and Faces.' When I am not singing, my happiest evenings are spent at the theatre—notably at the Lyceum. To see Ellen Terry play a part is as good as a liberal education; I learn something fresh every time I go," observed my hostess enthusiastically.

"Still, the dramatic must surely interest you less than the musical side of your work. I suppose you spend a great deal of your time practising?"

"Practice! Good heavens, no! I suppose it is very naughty of me, but I never touch a piano unless I have some new music. You see"—confidentially—"although I am the only member of my family that has ever been on the stage, we were all musical, and I know many people would be shocked if they knew how few singing-lessons I ever had. When all is said and done," she added, shaking her pretty head, "singing cannot be taught. Of course, the voice may be improved; but you can't teach a girl to put the right expression into her voice, or, for the matter of that, into her face. By the way, while we are on the subject of stage singing, I should like to pay a small part of the debt of gratitude I owe to the many orchestras and conductors with whom I have been associated. No one who has not taken part in a comic opera or musical play can realise how all-important a rôle is played by those whose duty it is to accompany and sustain the voice. The orchestra can make or mar a song. When next you go to see 'The Chieftain,' note how splendidly goes the accompaniment to Mr. Passmore's cheerful ditty, 'There are cases when the simple truth is difficult to tell.' Every word can be heard in each part of the house; that this is so is due to the admirable playing and *ensemble* of the Savoy orchestra."

"By the way, Miss St. John, have you any views on the encore question?"

"Of course, inasmuch as an encore is a sign of approval, it is impossible to help liking it; but, frankly, I do not approve of the system, especially when encores, as is too often the case, stop the action of a piece. There was once a time, you know, when bouquets used to be thrown at the performers from the stalls and boxes. That custom has gradually disappeared, and so, if we give them time, will encores. But at no time did we carry the bouquet mania to the extent that they still do in America. I shall never forget the really exquisitely beautiful blossom tributes I received when in San Francisco. There the bouquets are often huge flowering shrubs and floral designs several feet high. A little of that sort of thing is as good as a feast, although I shall always remember my delight in a beautiful gift which was given me at the end of the performance of 'The Lady of the Locket,' by the two composers. I had been playing the part of the bride, Francesca, and the bouquet, for I suppose I must call it so, was entirely composed of white flowers and orange-blossoms, over which hung two doves, which still, as you see, hover in a place of honour in my boudoir."

"I suppose I need hardly ask you if you attach much importance to costume?" I observed, glancing at the dainty Watteau-like figure of my hostess.

"I, personally, love ragged parts," was the unexpected answer, "and I am never happier than when personating such a girle as La Mascotte or Boulotte in 'Barbe Bleue,' but I quite admit that the public like to see pretty clothes and that the stage is the best possible place to show them off. Lately there has been a craze for seeing women acting men's parts, but few girls can carry off boys' clothes. As for me, I always say that Nature didn't intend me for a man; still, I think I looked fairly well as Little Christopher Columbus."

"I suppose stage-fright is to you an unknown terror?"

"Terror?" she echoed. "Why, I am a perfect martyr to it. No one will ever know what agonies I go through. Sir Arthur Sullivan says he could not have believed that a woman could be so nervous. I can't help trembling even at rehearsals. Still, if there is one place more than another where everything is done to make one happy and comfortable, it's the Savoy Theatre. As for Sir Arthur, why, he's an angel!" cried Miss St. John, with pretty enthusiasm. "He is equally kind and courteous to everybody, whether principal or chorister: and you can't say that of all composers," she added.

"And how do you like the score of 'The Chieftain'?"

"Well, although this is the first time I have sung in a Sullivan opera, I have always been devoted to Sir Arthur's music; it is so intensely singable, and this quality is especially observable in 'The Chieftain.' The second act is full of gems, and I am sure we all enjoy singing the score fully as much as the public delight in hearing it."



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN.

MISS FLORENCE ST. JOHN IN SOME OF HER RÔLES.

Photographs by Alfred Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

AS LITTLE CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.



AS LA MASCOTTE.



AS RITA IN "THE CHIEFTAIN."



AS MADAME FAVART.

THE COLD CURE.*

Mr. Dewar is a merry soul. He caught a cold in Marylebone when fighting for the Moderates, and he went all round the globe to cure it, after which he wrote a book, and, being no literary man, he made it a very amusing book. Many ramblers who had begun their travels with

such a shock as Mr. Dewar received at Newport in America would never have had the courage to set down a narrative of the voyage; but the author of this "Ramble" keeps his gaiety of heart unfailingly. It was not his fault that he found himself—at Newport—in a bath-room wherein there bathed a charming young lady. It was the fault of the hotel, at whose confusing doors the blame must be laid. "Guess I ought to have locked it," murmured the damsels; but Mr. Dewar murmured nothing. He fled from Newport and the hotel with the lumbbugging doors, and "did" America. He had previously been impressed by the enthusiasm of the reception accorded to the Yankees who travelled from Liverpool with him; and the

FLAG-WAVING ON NEARING NEW YORK.

sight of a ship-load of fair damsels all waving little "Stars and Stripes" moved him to a zeal for the American girl which even the disorder of the bath could not modify. This zeal found vent later on in many sketches of delightful creatures to whom Mr. Dewar's American friend made love. The author himself is a confirmed bachelor. But he liked to see how the flirtation was done, so he travelled with an amorous Yankee who showed him. It is open to question, however, whether there were not occasions where Mr. Dewar's aversion to the fair sex was not carried to excess. Any man who goes round a ship on a dark night, and turns a lantern upon a missionary who is nursing a skittish thing on his knee, is not a man to travel with. This, I take it, would be the opinion of the missionary, although it is recorded that his views were verbally unfit for print. The author's views are always fit for print, and rarely fail to be extremely happy. He will see the light side of things. The American trains he deems perfect except for the "tongue-waggers" who disturb your sleep by reciting their own history and their forefathers'. The ears would be dreams, save for the nasty habit which some men have of shooting other men *en voyage*. The Rocky Mountains would move to deliriums of rapture but for the quite unique bills of



"A TONGUE-WAGGER."

fare. It does not stimulate the appetite to see written above a restaurant, "Good Meal, 25 cents; Regular Gorge, 50 cents." In the matter of drink, it is not satisfying to be compelled to go to a chemist

for your whiskey, and to buy it labelled "Cholera Mixture." These things are the first-fruits of American civilisation as it appeared to this very observant traveller; and of them, rather than of minute and wearying accounts of things which have been described a thousand times, does his volume consist. He sums the Chinaman of San Francisco up in a story—and the story is the whole of "John." He tells you how, when a cable-car was first set going in the city, a man of China watched it spellbound for a while, and then burst out, "No pushee, no pullee; go like hellee!" He tells a delightful story of the Customs, and of the man who was "in a five-dollar hurry," but could not get his goods through until he made the hurry a twenty-dollar one. And there is hardly a page in the whole of his volume over some portion of which you may not laugh.

There has rarely appeared lately a book of humorous travel which has been so well illustrated as this "Ramble." A number of artists—including the author—have conspired to work up the text, and the result is really comic. At the same time, there is much to be learnt from the venture, and one gets from its pages a better idea of New Zealand, of Hong Kong, and of parts of Australia, than from many a guide-book. Nor can one possibly refuse the author's claims to be admitted to the ranks of the very foremost travellers, since he takes the road so evenly, the good with the bad, and fails to lose his temper even when thrown from the top of a coach or half eaten by cockroaches. He should at once catch another cold.

M. P.

THE COLOMBO GIANT TORTOISE.

A few months ago the Ceylon newspapers recorded the death of the "oldest inhabitant" of Colombo, the gigantic tortoise, which, though not a native of Ceylon, had for many years past been one of the sights of



Photo by A. W. A. Pate, Bristol Studio, Colombo.
THE COLOMBO GIANT TORTOISE.

that city. The accompanying picture is from a copy of the latest photograph taken of the giant reptile; the children are those of Mr. Alexander Thomson, the last occupant of the bungalow at Uplands (to which the tortoise belonged) before the Ceylon Government acquired the property in connection with the extension of the Colombo Harbour. Madame Tortoise appeared to have a great aversion to being photographed, and several times after the photographer had got all his apparatus ready to take her she scuttled off with half-a-dozen men hanging on to her. It required a dozen men to carry her to the scene of operations. Though she had been blind for many years, she seemed to be able to find her way about the Uplands grounds, and never failed to turn up at the bungalow at noon for her midday meal. Her death was the result of change of diet, consequent on her being transferred from Uplands to the Cinnamon Gardens by the Government. Her stuffed body will find a last resting-place in the Colombo Museum, known to the natives under the pleasant appellation of "the bone-house."

THE ART OF THE DAY.



AN OLD-WORLD MELODY.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES.

EXHIBITED AT THE GALLERY OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

ART NOTES.

A collection of Rowlandson's water-colours at the Fine Art Society's Galleries is something of a small historical event. Here it is possible to judge and analyse the more or less representative work of a water-colour period before Turner came to show how much more could be done with water-colour than former times had dreamed. Yet, even in the light of



THE DOGS' GRAND NATIONAL.—W. H. TROOD.

Copyright, 1894, by Franz Hanfstaengl.

Turner's art and all that he accomplished, Rowlandson's work has something more than historical interest. He had a charming sense of the picturesque, and, as a rule, his details fell, under his hand, into very elegant composition. His drawing was sometimes shaky, and he was often so anxious to impress perspective upon his public that he wilfully exaggerated it, sometimes to a degree that appears positively ludicrous.

With the limitation of these faults, it is to be allowed that his drawings are very pleasant to the view. He had an eye for sky-line which very few artists seem thoroughly to appreciate, and his backgrounds—his little streets and old-fashioned places—are admirable. His humour, indeed, belongs to a humorous ideal that is no longer in vogue with us; for, of all ideals, none changes so fast as the ideal of humour from generation to generation. Even the humour of Shakspere, when he deals with the common follies of his own period, is old and outworn now, and Rowlandson's humour was emphatically contemporary. It perplexes one. Still, let us not deny that it is very pleasant to make the acquaintance of an art which may possibly be faded, but which is certainly clever, interesting, and even great of its time.

In our first notice of the very remarkable exhibition of Old Masters, now hanging at the Royal Academy, we dealt, for the most part, with a few important groups of pictures rather than with the details, which are, however, far too numerous for us to treat otherwise than in prominent instances. Of the Dutch pictures in the second gallery, a Gabriel Metzu, "Lady Writing a Letter," belonging to Lady Wallace, is, in its own finished way, a perfect thing. The accomplishment of it is beyond all praise; and if it slightly lacks in beautiful interest, that is because the ideal of beauty at which it aimed was rather the beauty of perfect interpretation in detail and in relation than of a purely aesthetic combination.

A Franz Hals, lent by M. Jules Porges, "Laughing Boy," is full of an extraordinary vitality, even *diablerie*. Without condescending to exaggeration, but reaching the last boundary of probability, the painter carries one away by the mere quickness and abandonment of his manner. Passing into the large gallery, one is met first by a Gainsborough, "The Cottage Door," a beautiful and delicate work representing a group of

children with a woman in a charming landscape. Two Zoffanys, well known to history, "Interior of the Florence Gallery," and the famous "Life School in the Academy," both lent by the Queen, have a certain interest which is not exactly artistic, but which we are quite ready to acknowledge. Near by hangs a very beautiful Velasquez, "Don Balthazar Carlos," an example of extraordinary dignity and fineness of modelling. The painting of the hair is extremely pictorial and vitally true. There is a curious transparency in the barrel of the gun, enabling one to see the colour of the landscape through it, which is not altogether intelligible. If time has destroyed the colour, it has accomplished the feat with wonderful neatness.

Murillo's "Immaculate Conception" hangs in this room, and scarcely holds its own with the Titian, the Velasquez, and even the Tintoretto that crowd its neighbourhood. It has a prettiness that deserved its popularity, no doubt; but it is not strong work, nor has it a beauty of the highest kind. The Velasquez of which we have spoken is the "Portrait of Don Gaspar de Guzman, Conde Duque D'Olivarez," a very dark and mysterious painting, full of deep sentiment, a triumph of technical achievement, and a wonderful example of the great Spaniard's divine modelling. The well-known Titian, "Salvator Mundi," lent by the Earl of Darnley, is beautiful beyond expression, less for its character than for the wonder of its colour.

There are three Sir Joshuas in this room, "Master Crewe as Henry VIII.," "Lady Betty Delmé and Children," and the "Portrait of Miss Frances Crewe," which, each in its separate way, would alone testify—if no other examples were forthcoming—to the magisterial qualities of the great English master. The two Crewe portraits are exquisite children, with the full vitality, the shy self-consciousness, yet the well-bred assertiveness, which could only have been interpreted by a great master both of character and of technique. The full-length of the little girl is particularly and especially beautiful, as much for the harmony of its colour as for the other qualities we have indicated. The "Lady Betty Delmé and Children" is sufficiently well known for its refined and yet full beauty.

We have received the kind permission of Mr. Franz Hanfstaengl, whose copyright the picture is, to reproduce Mr. Trood's clever painting. A large gravure and also an aquarcell-gravure are about to be issued of this popular subject.

Mr. Henry Wimbush's water-colour drawings of Winchester and other public schools, which have been exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Rooms, are the record of that which is of interest and delight to an enormous section of Englishmen. Old cloisters associated with one's boyhood, old waters, old trees, old gateways, old streets, and the multitude of things in historic places which saw our growth and the quiet progress of our years into manhood, will always retain their hold upon us. Mr. Wimbush, therefore, appeals to us with favourable sentiments, and he has accomplished his task worthily. We reproduce a series of his Winchester drawings, which have a charm and peaceful beauty of their own which cannot be resisted.



A SIX-IN-HAND TEAM.—THOMAS ROWLANDSON, 1784.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

WINCHESTER IN WATER-COLOUR.—By HENRY WIMBUSH.

Exhibited at the Fine Art Society's Gallery, New Bond Street, W.

ST. CATHERINE'S HILL, FROM THE BOATHOUSE.



THE DEANERY.



NEAR ST. CROSS.



ST. CROSS.



CLOSE GATEWAY.



COLLEGE MILL AND "NON LICET" GATE.



SECOND MASTER'S HOUSE, FROM MOBERLY COURT.



ENTRANCE TO COLLEGE.

"THE ORIENT," AT OLYMPIA.

Photographs by Messrs. Russell, Baker Street, W.

SNAKE-WORSHIPPERS.



AFRICAN PRINCESS AND ATTENDANTS.



IDOL-BEARERS.



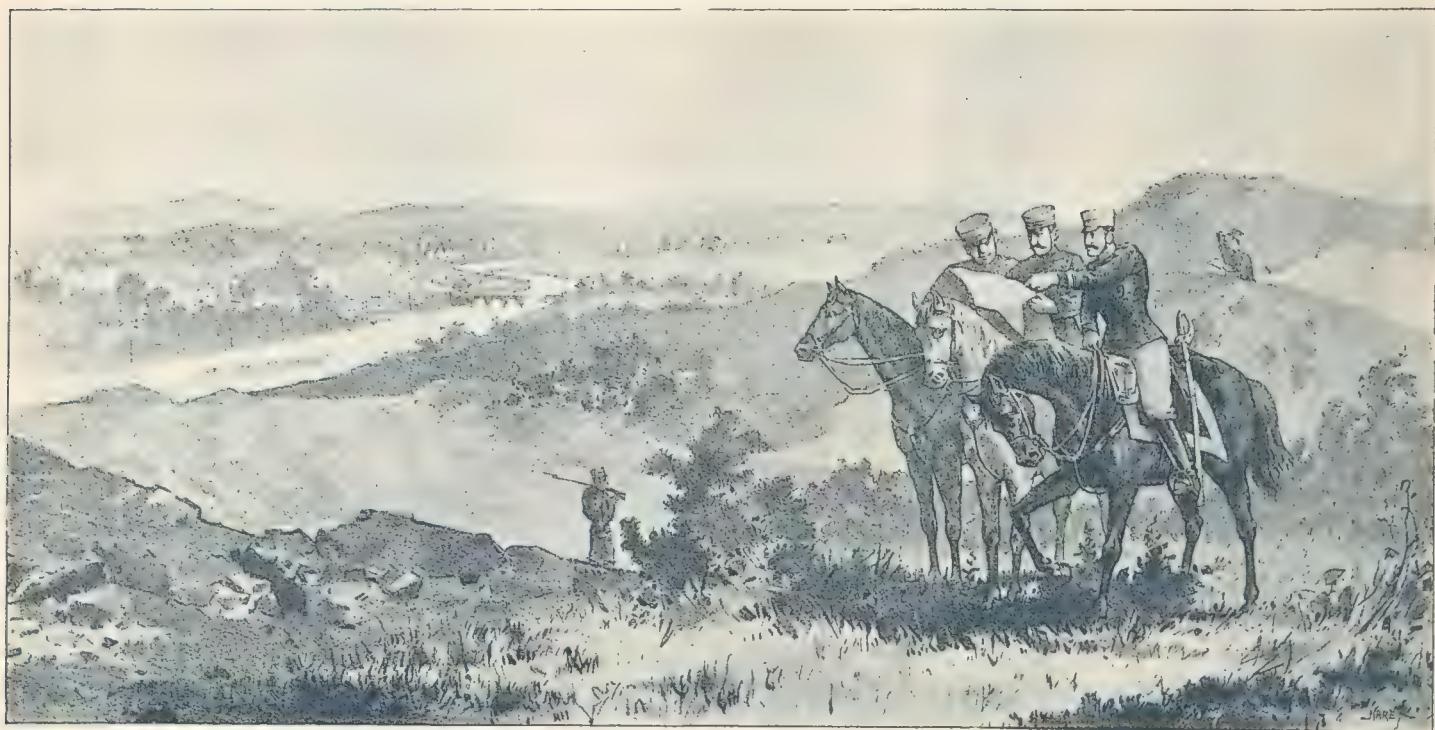
SNAKE-WORSHIPPERS.



MISS AMY AUGARDE AS THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA,"
AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANGFIER AND CO., GLASGOW.

THE JAP AS A WAR SKETCHER.

From the collection of Mr. Lazenby Liberty (of Messrs. Liberty and Co.), for presentation to the Japan Society.



RECONNOITRING.



THE CAPTURE OF PHYONG-YANG.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



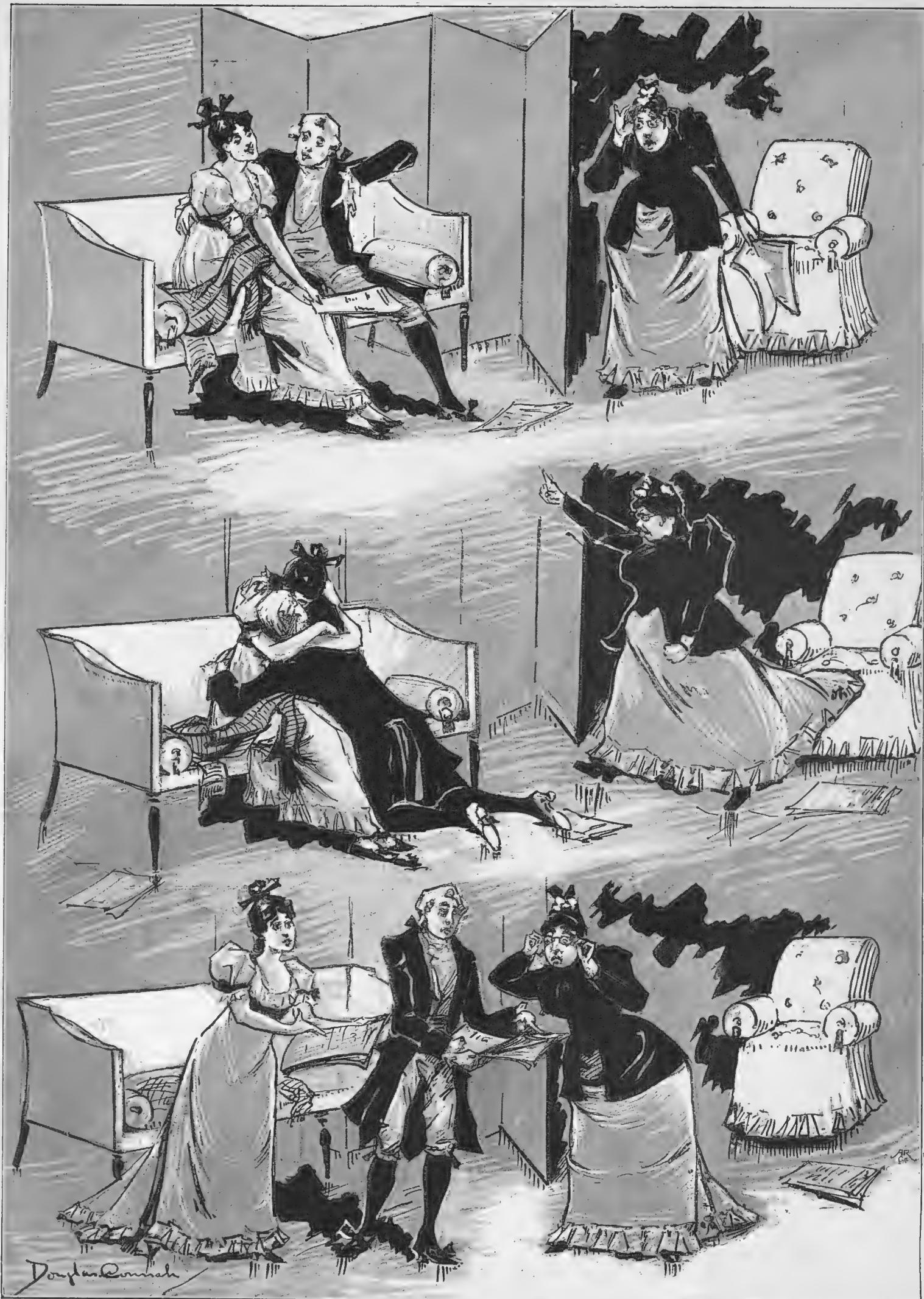
IN THE PARK.





"What's up with thee, my lad?"

"Boo-hoo! Tommy Crowther's sneaked my 'winkle pin."



A REHEARSAL WHICH HAD TO BE EXPLAINED.

A CHAT WITH A "TATTOOER."

"Tattooing," derived from a Tahitian word signifying a marking on the skin, is a very wide-spread practice and of very ancient origin. It is to be found throughout Polynesia, Malaysia, and among the North and South American Indians, the Dyaks, the Burmese, the Chinese, and the Japanese. Cæsar, in his "Commentaries," speaks of tattooing being in fashion among the ancient Britons, while it was undoubtedly known at the time of Moses, by its being expressly forbidden in Leviticus (xix. 28). The practice of tattooing is to be assigned to very different motives among various nations. Among some it had a religious, ceremonial, and symbolical meaning. Others made use of pigments inserted into the skin as a protection against cold, the sun's heat, and the bites of insects, also as an attraction to the fair sex, as well as to terrify the enemy. In Japan it was adopted in the towns as a substitute for clothing on those parts of the body usually covered—in Tokio it was calculated that, ten years ago, there were no less than 30,000 persons who were tattooed. The New Zealanders, on the other hand, only tattoo the face and hands. It is a moot point whether it was ever in vogue among the gipsies. In our own times it has been officially employed, till discontinued in the year 1859, in marking deserters and bad characters in our services with the letters "D." and "B.C." Doubtless we owe its introduction to modern Europe to sailors, who, having picked up the



Photo by York House Studio, Regent Street, W.
MR. SUTHERLAND McDONALD.

notion from distant nations, found in tattooing an attractive occupation for their leisure hours on board ship, as well as a means of identification in the event of their wrecked bodies being washed ashore. But art has never been a strong point among our "sea salts," consequently, their epidermic designs have always been as crude in execution as the means, a needle and gunpowder, have been primitive.

As a nation, undoubtedly the artistic Japanese have excelled all others in the practice of tattooing. Yet, that a Scotchman should have "licked them all into fits" is not more surprising than that a representative of the "land o' cakes" will assuredly be found astride of the North Pole when it is reached.

However, in all seriousness, I can well understand the opinion of the *cognoscenti* that Mr. Sutherland McDonald, the superintendent of the Hammam Turkish Bath, in Jermyn Street, is the most artistic tattooer in the world. A draughtsman and an electrician, late of the Royal Engineers, Mr. McDonald has been permitted by his present employers to prosecute, during his leisure hours, for the last six years artistic tattooing, in which direction his patented invention of an electrically worked needle has, during the last four years, given the happiest results.

I was in luck when I called on him in his very habitable private room, for two patients were present—one under operation, and the other, Captain Donelly, having just completed his "sittings." The latter most kindly bared his arms for my inspection. I give a specimen of the design which had been tattooed by Mr. McDonald, but, unfortunately, the exquisite colouring, with the softest gradations of tint, cannot be reproduced here. Then I turned to watch Mr. McDonald at work on his other "victim," whose arms afforded especially an interesting study, as they exhibited tattooing by South Sea Islanders, by the Japanese, and by

Mr. McDonald himself, and the superiority of his work was most palpable. Quietly the operator proceeded, tracing the pattern of the design with the fine triangular needle, which, vibrating at the rate of forty punctures per second under the influence of the electrical current, can be used as easily as an etching pen. The little instrument makes a somewhat strange whirring noise, but it occasions no pain, merely an irritating sensation. Then with a pencil composed of fine needles the colours are stabbed in by hand. During the next twelve hours the skin feels as if it had been grazed, but by the next day all soreness has entirely disappeared. The Japanese only use three colours, but Mr. McDonald employs five. After the departure of his clients, I proceeded to question him more fully on this and other points connected with his singular art.

"The blue tints," said he, "are obtained by using ultramarine, the brown by burnt sienna, the black by Indian ink, the red with cinnabar, and the green—well, that's a secret. However, I will tell you that it is obtained by grinding down a certain green stone. Yellow I very seldom use; as a matter of fact, it won't keep in the skin."

"I am told that you have tattooed many distinguished people?"

"Oh, certainly; some of our Royal Family have sat to me, besides one or two foreign princes; while members of several Embassies have employed me, and I suppose there is hardly a single regiment in the service whose regimental badge I have not tattooed on some of its officers. The body of Captain Williams, who was killed in the late Matabele War, was identified chiefly by my work. Indeed, my work has been commented on in Japan itself and in the backwoods of America. I have tattooed most of the Yacht Club burgees and the names of hundreds of yachts on their owners' skins. A very favourite design are family coats of arms. This photograph represents a coat of arms with thirty-five quarterings, which I tattooed on Mr. C. E. R—'s chest."

"Now, do many ladies come to you, Mr. McDonald?"

"I more often go to them. Yes, I have had many lady clients. The initials of their lovers are most in vogue, but I am also asked to 'tattoo' fancy designs, such as this droll reading rabbit, or this figure of Mephistopheles in shades of crimson, for instance. Sometimes I am requested to obliterate an objectionable design, or one badly executed, by superimposing another of deeper colour design. More than once persons with religious mania have wanted texts and figures tattooed on their bodies."

"Kindly show me your book of designs?"

"Certainly, and with pleasure. This green double-headed Chinese dragon makes a splendid picture. I am engaged at present drawing this on a client, the forelegs and head on his chest, and the rest of the beast winding round the body. Please note that the Japanese dragon has four legs, provided with three claws, while the Chinese has five legs and four claws—By the way, the English designers of the badge of the 3rd "Buffs" Regiment have put the fifth leg on the animal's back. This cobra also looks very fine wound round the body. Yes, that would take me quite seventy hours, I should say, to perfect."

"Who is the most perfectly tattooed Englishman you have ever seen?"

"Mr. D— C—, decidedly. Under his clothes he is tattooed over completely, and his great regret is that there is not another inch to cover. Being rather bald, he proposed once that I should tattoo a spider on its web on his scalp to frighten away the flies! If you saw his feet you would believe he had his socks on."

Then, as I turned over the pages of designs, I came on exquisitely marked butterflies and swimming fish, like one sees on Japanese *kakemonos*, dancing-girls

from the backs of musical programmes, sporting scenes and beautiful flower patterns. After looking at these charming pictures, which Mr. McDonald faithfully reproduces even to throwing up the roundness of the figure by delicate shading, I asked if tattooing was an indelible marking.

"I can occasionally remove it with tannic acid, but I am rarely asked to do so," he quietly remarked; and I can well believe that the request must be very seldom made.



A FAVOURITE.

CEYLON AND HER LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL.

The group represents a Committee composed of some of the leading members of the Low Country Singhalese community of Ceylon, constituted to set on foot a movement to secure the nomination of Mr. Walter Pereira (the central figure in the group), a prominent member of the local Bar, as the representative of the Low Country Singhalese in the Legislative Council of the country. The Ceylon Legislative Council has eight unofficial members, two of whom represent the indigenous population, the Singhalese, one of these being appointed for the representation of the mountain region known as the Kandyan country, and the other for that of the maritime portion of the island. Until recently, the unofficial members were appointed for life, but during the régime of Sir Arthur Gordon, now Lord Stanmore, their tenure of office was limited to five years. This was done chiefly to give greater scope to leading men of the native communities to share in the legislation of the country. For the first time after the limitation of the term of office, the Low Country Singhalese seat is to fall vacant about January next year, and in view of the desirability of giving effect to the five-year rule, so as to preclude the re-nomination of the sitting member, the above movement was started. The nomination to the seats rests entirely with the Governor, but the voice of the people is not unheeded in making the selection. The interest in the movement under notice is twofold: this is the first occasion on which the services of a sitting member have become liable to be discontinued; and, secondly, the gentleman now put forward is not by birth a pure Singhalese. On the paternal side Mr. Pereira is Singhalese, but his mother comes from one of the Dutch families that settled in the colony when the Dutch had sovereignty of the island. He has, however, following his father's nationality, claimed to be classified as a Singhalese, and the people have readily accepted him as such, and in connection with the above movement thousands have rallied round him. Mr. Pereira is a member of the Municipal Council of Colombo, a barrister-at-law of the Middle Temple, and an advocate of the Supreme Court of Ceylon. He is thirty-eight years of age, and enjoys a leading practice at the Ceylon Bar, where he commenced life as a proctor, or solicitor, of the District Court of Colombo. In connection with his enrolment as an advocate in Ceylon a point of importance was decided in England. The then Chief Justice of Ceylon refused to enrol Mr. Pereira, although he had been called to the English Bar, inasmuch as he had omitted to sign the roll of barristers of one of her Majesty's Superior Courts of Record. The matter was mentioned on June 10, 1887, by Mr. Henn Collins, Q.C., before Lord Coleridge and Mr. Justice Denman, in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice, and their Lordships disagreed with the Chief Justice of Ceylon and ruled in favour of Mr. Pereira's right to be admitted to the local Bar, holding that the signing of a roll was an unnecessary formality. As noted, Mr. Pereira is the central figure of the group. To his right is Mr. L. C. Wijesinghe, a gentleman with the high native title of Mudaliyar. He has a wide reputation as an Oriental scholar, his *magnum opus* being a translation into English, from the original Pali, of the "Mahavanso," an elaborate history of Ceylon. He is the Chairman of the Committee. To Mr. Pereira's left is Mr. R. P. Jayewardene, the chief, at the office of the Government Agent of the Western Province, of the institution of native registrars of births, marriages, and deaths. Mr. Jayewardene has always taken an active interest in all movements for the social improvement of his fellow-countrymen, and has gained numerous medals at agricultural and such other exhibitions on the island. Next to Mr. Jayewardene is Mr. A. M. Gunasakera, Mudaliyar, author of the largest and best-arranged Singhalese grammar extant. The third gentleman on the left of Mr. Pereira is Mr. Dharmarature (editor of the *Sakminipahane*, a leading Singhalese newspaper), wearing a decoration from the King of Siam for meritorious services rendered to that potentate; and next to Mr. Dharmarature, on his left, is Mudaliyar Wimalasurendre, who, in 1886, was presented to Queen Victoria among representative men from the East, in connection with the Indian and Colonial Exhibition. The remainder are editors, lawyers, medical men, merchants, and others, representative of all the leading castes among the Singhalese.

GEORGE EGERTON'S NEW BOOK.

To be successful, as a rule, in novel-writing of the day, it is necessary to have a certain amount of individual style—a manner or mode of expression—so that the rougher metal is so thickly plated that the whole construction passes for silver. George Egerton is an exception. Her motives, her main ideas, are life problems which have universal interest; but with her broad subjects she also broadens her pen, and we find a bold, coarse stroke where delicacy might plead for a faint line of refinement, and plead with justice. When a woman has written a clever book, it is somewhat unkind to snarl at two lines in a sketch which disgust, when the whole edifice pleases. But those two lines go far to rob her of the recognition which many women would be ready to give her.

To use a coarse word or sentence is very easy, and very cheap. Talent may be grateful for it, genius never needs it. And surely these small discolorations in the sketches in "Discords" go a very little way towards the strength of the book, and very far to mar it. All this, be it said, in the keenest admiration of the writer and her powers. Perhaps it would scarcely be worth remarking if her powers were less.

Among the sketches, "Gone Under" is one of the happiest examples of the author's strength, just as "The Psychological Moment" and



A SINGHALESE REPRESENTATIVE COMMITTEE IN CEYLON.

"Her Share" are the weakest. The latter is merely a sentimental love-romance, poured into the ears of a complete stranger, and we think with Ibsen "that people don't do these things." "Wedlock" is a clever tragedy, cleverly told. "Virgin Soil" will be the most discussed; because it is the most daring; it is, at the same time, the best and the worst sketch in the whole book.

The story is very simple, and a very common one. A young girl marries in absolute ignorance, and returns to reproach her mother for her reticence, which has been the cause of so much misery. The old-fashioned women suffered as this girl suffers, not the modern woman; and to the woman of the past "Virgin Soil" should appeal. Instead of so doing, the author's methods are rough enough to wound where they might have been powerful to interest, and the old-fashioned woman will have none of them. "The Regeneration of Two" is a bewitching fairy tale of a painted society beauty and a vagabond poet; of the transformation, through his influence, of the beauty into a charitable Snow Queen, with her palace the refuge for outcasts; and her poet rescued from the snow, and given the crowning honour of her hand.

The book, from the beginning to the final page, is rich with thought; it is a wonderful book, written by a wonderful woman, only—her pen wants washing.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the United States at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Building, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, and Adelaide.

STAGE REHEARSALS IN A GERMAN THEATRE.

When, at the close of last season, I was permitted, by courtesy of the Imperial General Intendantin, to witness a General *Probe*, or grand rehearsal, at the Imperial Opera House of Berlin, the privilege was a great surprise to my *confrères*. In Germany such a proceeding is an unheard-of occurrence. The sentiments of stage-managers and playwrights are very natural. Stripped of all the embellishing scenic details, and in the absence of costumes and the proper lightings, one sees in a rehearsal, after all, but a skeleton presentation. The constant corrections



Photo by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

FRAU ANNA VON HOCHENBURGER, "STAR" OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRE, BERLIN.

in the matter of gesture and speech, and the bare surroundings, transform the illusions of this world of fantasy into a prosaic reality. The performance becomes, however, the more interesting as a study of elocution and the dramatic arts. Here only is it possible to get a conception of the difficult and wearisome uphill labours of managers and actors. As the play is followed from the cradle to the *première*, one learns to know the numerous obstacles which must be removed before it can be launched on the public.

In this country, where there are comparatively few prominent stock companies, the playwright adapts his creation to a certain combination, and the parts to the *forte* and age of the individual members. In Germany the rationality and *ensemble* of the plot are of greater moment, and the impersonators must adapt themselves to the productions. It is seldom that a playwright fully realises the extent of the work preparatory to the actual presentation. He receives the pleasant news that his effort has been accepted, and in his sanguine mood he already hears the child of his muse applauded and fondled by the public. He learns soon enough to possess his soul in patience before his naked imaginings have been dressed ready for the stage parade. In Berlin as well as elsewhere there occur occasional spars between manager and author. If the manager is competent and experienced, he knows best what will "take," and he will not give way to the author. A battle-royal ensues. The impulsive dramatist cannot easily be brought to see what right a stage-manager has to alter and slash a play which it has taken weeks and months to bring to perfection. Finally things right themselves, and mutual concessions lead to a better understanding.

What worries the manager more than anything else is the judicious distribution of the *rôles*. In German theatres, where there is often a change of bill every other night, his hopes are not always realised at rehearsals, and it is difficult to always find the right man or woman for the part. There are not so many veterans who are expert interpreters of juvenility; and *vice versa*, there are few young actors and actresses who can imitate old age. In combinations no such difficulties present themselves, as in nearly every case the age of the impersonator is in accord with the conception of the playwright. *Rôles* are frequently changed shortly before the performance of a play, as some of the actors find themselves unable to cope with the parts assigned to them.

The frequent change of bill calls for the constant employment of a well-read *souffleur*, whose promptings, especially in small theatres, are

sometimes as audible as the voices of the players. It is no wonder that the German actor sometimes forgets his cue or his part, as he is expected to memorise a prodigious amount of dramatic literature. Not long ago an unsophisticated rural *Tante* was invited to visit a play in Berlin for the first time in her life. One of the scenes presents the villain pursuing the heroine in a labyrinthine forest. The young woman hides in a tree-hollow in view of the audience, and the villain is expected in the end to abandon his search and indulge in a revengeful monologue. When that moment came there was something rotten in Denmark. Either the *souffleur* had missed his page, or the villain had lost his hearing or his memory, or both, but there was a suspicious incessant repetition of the words "Where is she? Where is she?" None were more interested in the plot than the good old *Tante*, and, eager for the play to go on, she rose from her seat in the *parquet*, and, pointing to the hole in the tree, cried, "Da, da ist sie in dem Baum!" ("There she is in the tree!"). Similar ludicrous situations have often been caused by imperfect preparation and memorising. Since travelling companies rehearse more thoroughly, and repeat year in year out, there is little danger of such accident, unless the cheering cup has muddled the brain.

Everything depends, of course, on the intelligence and talent of the actors, yet, with the best of them, restraint must be used. The young and ambitious have a tendency to bring their individual efforts to the front on all occasions. They are ever anxious to do what they deem best for themselves, instead of what is best for all. For this reason, much stress is laid on the general and private reading of the play as introductory to a thorough rehearsal. The stage-director is, of course, thoroughly familiar with the play before the parts are allotted.

It is interesting to scrutinise the faces at the first perfunctory readings, the expressions of pleasant surprise at the happy selections of the author, or the disgusted look of disappointment at the apparent insignificance of a *rôle*. Everybody has a suggestion. The excellences are discussed here and there, alterations become necessary, new situations are created, and blemishes removed. The author stands by, and whenever the pencil is drawn through the lines his pride receives a painful wound. An old playwright, like an old newspaper-writer, has become accustomed to this. Now follow the individual studies and single rehearsals, and here there is great difference of method. Some are true artists, like Frau Herzog, Fräulein Hiedler, Fräulein Dietrich, Frau von Hohenburger, and Frau Sucher, the great Wagner singer, who,



Photo by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

FRAU ROSA SUCHER.

by the way, is going to America in April. Some are very particular in committing to memory every word, and adhere carefully to the regulation stage gestures and strides; others, again, are careless.

Since the *dramatis personæ* do not all represent the foremost talent, it is of the utmost importance that the manager be a man of ripe judgment and deep insight into human character. The least fault must not escape his notice. Sometimes the *tempo* is too slow, or the utterance defective; now and then emphasis and enthusiasm are lacking: more life must be given to the *dénouement* or the situations *en masse*. Some must be imbued with more dignity, others must be rendered more vivacious and graceful. Many a hard hour's drill must be gone through before all is

in order, and the reprimands of the instructor are not always clothed in the choicest and most ornate speech. It would require angelic patience to observe Parliamentary forms when a nine-times-corrected movement is executed badly for the tenth time. A brusque "*Donnerwetter!*" on the part of the *régisseur* works wonders in such cases, and the penitent sinner is usually wise enough to accept the passionate reprimand good-naturedly.

Neither the Grand Opera House in Paris nor the Hofburg Theatre in Vienna, both famous for their correct staging, can excel the artistic interpretations and inventions of Messrs. Tetzlaff and Grube, Directors of the Imperial Opera House and Theatre respectively. With a true artistic conception and patient study, such as only Germans are capable



Photo by E. Bieber, Berlin.

FRAU HERZOG IN "THE BAJAZZI."

of, they leave no room for the ablest critic to pick a flaw. I have often inspected the artistic arrangement of "*Der Freischütz*," for instance, or their latest version of "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*," and have not been able to find room for an adverse opinion. But, as the German public is studiously exacting, great care has to be bestowed on historical pieces, for a modern apartment equipped with little taste or an unbecoming toilet is not so readily forgiven.

After all the details of costume, decoration, and lighting have been arranged, the general rehearsals begin, and nothing is more amusing to the uninitiated. He cannot restrain his mirth at the comical blunders. Parts are begun before the right cue is given, producing the strangest and most incomprehensible dialogue; the most ludicrous mistakes are made. "Supers" and players of minor *rôles* dash on the scene at the most inopportune times, and many an act must thus be repeated until it is faultlessly rendered.

A piece that contains a good deal of the spectacular and Terpsichorean minstrelsy requires much more intricate rehearsing. Music, singing, and dancing have each to be practised separately, and then rehearsed in combination with the dialogue. This requires careful division of time, which is minutely chalked on the *rôle*-board, and which is subject to the corrections of the stage-manager. Such a *Probetafel* is a rare thing in this country with the long-run companies, where all the members know their parts almost mechanically.

The winding-up of a "general *Probe*" is the most interesting as well as the most exciting phase of the production. Everybody puts on extra steam, so to speak. The various parts are now properly divided, the actors take their respective places under the immediate supervision of several directors and artistic judges—of his Excellency Count Hochburg, who is a very cultivated man, as well as a natural artist; of Professor Taubert; Mr. Pierson, who is, in fact, the right-hand of his Excellency; and of the great musical leaders, Messrs. Muck, Sucher, and Weingartner, all of whom are present to inspect, criticise and advise. The corps is now ready: it is the new version of "*Der Freischütz*," prepared and studied with great care. "Overture!" sounds the hoarse voice down the corridor, and instantly the place is full of girls. They slip down the corridor, come up through the cracks in the floor, fly out of the stairways, and dance down the stage. They mount the crazy platforms leading to the simulated rocks, perch on step-ladders and boxes to put their pretty painted faces through openings in the canvas foliage, swarm

in the wings like bees about a hive, laughing and chatting with the fierce-looking brigands, who lean on their guns, waiting for their cues. The effect is more striking and picturesque than the most splendid scene in the opera. The dusky shadows, the brilliant dresses, the hurrying figures; the stage-manager directing, watching, advising, himself the fiercest, wickedest brigand of all; the hush of waiting, the tinkle of a bell—and the act is on.

In the intervals of action girls skip up the stairs, their round, silken-clad limbs curving and flashing as they fly to their dressing-rooms for a touch of rouge or a dash of powder. They suddenly run on to the stage; they make breathless exits. No one behind them notices them; no one has time. A girl stands on a step, with only her face visible to the audience, framed in a network of painted vines. In some of the scrambles she has made an ugly tear in her trousers, through which the white flesh gleams, though she doesn't know it. A burly brigand, with a dagger in his sash, approaches her as courteously as he would any lady, and tells her softly of the accident. "*Mein Gott!*" she exclaims, and passes swiftly through the crowd to her room. There is nothing said; no one even smiles.

The curtain falls, rises again, and falls again. "Go!" shouts the director, and the girls break ranks and flee precipitately, and simultaneously the scenes are lifted from their places. The change must be quickly effected. There is no time to think how, only to hurry. Ten girls are dressing together in a big room, twenty or thirty more are flying out of one suit and into another in the little dressing-room upstairs, with the doors wide open. Every stage-garment must be hung up in its place then and there; every scrap of clothing—stockings, tights, and all—must be changed. They dress together every night, and are accustomed to little clothing, anyway, and they do the only thing possible under the circumstances—remove one entire suit before they try to get on another. The lights blaze on white, round shoulders and shapely limbs as the ladies struggle into their tights, which must not be torn, and must be carefully fastened. "If they should slip," said a wicked little girl to me, with the handsomest legs in the collection, "we'd make more of a hit than the principals, and that wouldn't do, you know; and we'd be sure to get an encore before we could fix 'em up." Another slender maiden, with one foot in the tights and the other out, was catching up a broken stitch, and explaining that it would run clear to her waist, and, if she didn't see to it before the dance was over, the audience



Photo by E. Bieber, Berlin.

FRÄULEIN IDA HIEDLER.

might desire to prolong the performance indefinitely. The black-eyed girl had smoothed the pink tights over her faultless legs and got herself in some miraculous way into the new trousers with the garnet stripes. "They're too long," she said with a pout, and promptly pulled them up and rolled them over and under the band. She fastened them in place with strong pins, and tied the white apron over them. There was evidently too much of that, for she tucked one corner up under the belt, pinned a white cook's cap jauntily on one side of her curly wig, and was ready.

The insatiable modern spirit has demanded many changes in the class of plays offered, in their mounting and lighting; but under the

shadows are still met everywhere the same old and familiar figures of the "good old days," and the same jovial conviviality still characterises them all. There is the good old-fashioned stage-mother, with a sharp and wakeful eye, watching over the virtue of her daughter; the good



Photo by J. C. Schaarwächter, Berlin.

COUNT HOCHBURG, MINISTER OF THE IMPERIAL THEATRES OF GERMANY.

old man who has played paterfamilias rôles for twenty years; the man-of-all-work, who has grown grey in the green-room service; the artful shifters and "props," who take delight in landing tables and heavy scenes on a visitor's toes, and the redoubtable stage-door-keeper, not easily bribed or conquered.

C. FRANK DEWEY.

DAY-DREAMS.

(Written after re-reading "*A Child's Garden of Verse.*")

I wish I had the box of blocks
With which I used to build
Such lovely houses, towers, and docks
(That water never filled),
For when I wore a pinafore
I never found the world a bore.

I wish I had my Noah's Ark
With which I loved to play
From early morn till it grew dark,
When nurse took me away
And put me to my little bed,
Where ghosts and fairies filled my head,

How many happy hours I spent
In drilling up and down
My little leaden regiment
Of soldiers blue and brown!
I'd like to go to war again
With all my mimic merry men.

I would the fairy tales of old
To-day seemed just as true
As when I thought the sun was gold
And all the sky was blue.
Ah me! I never then had cause
To call in question Santa Claus.

And when I sailed my paper boats
Across a big tureen,
I knew not what "A 1" denotes—
"A 1" at Lloyd's, I mean.
I did not know that "bulls" and "bears"
Were used concerning stocks and shares.

And yet, perhaps, it's just as well
I can't go back to frocks,
For then I might—it's hard to tell—
Pine once again for stocks.
But still at times I banish care
By building castles in the air.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

Graceful tributes to Robert Louis Stevenson were paid at a gathering of the New York authors. The proceedings could hardly have taken place in England, but they were appropriate enough, and there was the warmth of genuine feeling in much that was said. Mr. Kipling was present, but did not speak. Mr. George W. Cable, the novelist of the South, gave a thoughtful and kindly address.

The circulation of Stevenson fell off greatly in America. His last work, "The Ebb Tide," has sold about six thousand copies; the circulation in England is announced as fourteen thousand.

That enterprising journalist, Mr. S. S. McClure, is to make the February number of his magazine a special commemoration of Stevenson.

There is unusually little of popular interest in the "Life of John Addington Symonds," just published by Mr. Nimmo; of anecdotes or gossip about contemporaries hardly any at all, beyond a few Jowett stories of the usual type. Jowett and Symonds grew into the closest friends, but this is the account of their first meeting—

I think I took a letter from my father to the great, mysteriously-revered man. I found him dozing in an armchair over a dying fire. His rooms were then in Fisher Buildings, looking out upon the Broad. It was a panelled room, with old-fashioned wooden mantelpiece. He roused himself, looked at the letter, looked at me, and said, half dreamily, "I do not think I know your father." Then, after an awkward pause, he rose, and added, "Good-bye, Mr. Symonds."

Even after the friendship had developed somewhat, it was liable to such eccentric incidents as this: "On another evening he sat staring in the fire, and would not speak, and yet did not seem to want me to go. At last he said, 'When I don't say anything people fancy I am thinking about something. Generally, I am thinking about nothing at all. Good night.'"

But Jowett is nearly the only one of whom such reminiscences are given. The book consists almost entirely of Symonds' autobiography, and of such letters as bear on the topics touched on there. And the autobiography, once the story of his childhood and youth has been told, deals very little with externals. It is the chronicle of a man who had two intense desires. The first was to write; the second, far stronger, to believe. In no modern book is this struggle for a creed revealed more strikingly, and, it must be said, more painfully. The painfulness arises mainly from the obvious fact that the struggle was prolonged and intensified by Symonds' miserable health and bodily sufferings. I should not describe it as a particularly healthy or helpful book, but its picture of a man, who generally passed for a pronounced agnostic, continually tortured by the wish and the inability to believe that on which his affections were set, is of strange and real interest.

In spite of his great industry, in the face of terrible difficulties of health, and in spite of the long list of works that had given him a high reputation, you gather that Symonds looked on himself as a failure. At least, he had not realised his aim, which was to be a poet. He seems to have cherished no illusions about himself. He was a very open-eyed critic of his own work. It is not a very keen mind that seems to look out from this autobiography. Intense affection for beauty, and unusual conscientiousness, are rather the chief characteristics he reveals; but perhaps some supplementary chapters are wanted to complete the picture of the man.

The best thing in the new *Yellow Book* is a serious critical essay on Henri Beyle. By his more familiar pseudonym, Stendhal, he is known to a good many general readers by his "Chartreuse de Parme" and his "Rouge et Noir," but he is little read, even in his own country. It is not to set him up as a model that Mr. Hapgood discusses him. In fact, his criticism is almost savage. But he recognises the interest of the complex individuality of the man, and his analysis, if sometimes a little clumsy, is lit up by flashes of rare insight. The independence of Mr. Hapgood's own point of view is what chiefly attracts one in his essay.

Then there is Mr. Ashcroft Noble's generous tribute to the neglected memory of Alexander Smith, whom he calls, with some justification, Stevenson's forerunner—the Stevenson of the Essays, be it said. One may admit strong likenesses—the treatment of life and literature, for instance, from a strongly personal point of view—but in one's imagination they do not often seem to walk together. There are nice stories and some nice verses in the new *Yellow Book*, but it depends this time for its interest on its more serious items.

Mr. Street will probably disappoint his admirers by his "Episodes." They are very good in their way—careful, highly finished little bits of work, slight but observant studies of character and situations, with little comment thereon, all very much in the tone of to-day. But he has written "The Autobiography of a Boy," which was witty. Nothing makes up for the lack of wit unless it be beauty or vigour or sentiment, and Mr. Street is so afraid of letting these loose in his pages. To do justice to "Episodes," read not more than two at a sitting, else there will be a terrible reaction and an unwholesome craving for highly spiced literature.

HORS D'OEUVRES.

The late disputes among the leaders of the Irish Parliamentary party—a term which seems to include all the members except Mr. McCarthy—raises rather a nice problem in party casuistry. The Irish party possesses a fund of varying proportions, part of which goes to relieve evicted tenants, and part to supply the modest needs of the members of Parliament themselves. Now, when certain English statesmen made contributions to a fund understood to be intended for the latter object, a huge outcry was raised, and the cheques had to be returned. But it appears that contributions have been made by certain Radical magnates for the evicted tenants, and gratefully received. Now, the more that is thus contributed from England to these distressed patriots, the less of the party funds will go to that end, and hence the more there will be for the Parliamentary patriots, not yet evicted, nor meaning to be. Wherefore, then, the outcry in one case and not in the other?

The incident has served, in some quarters, to point a moral in the direction of paying our M.P.'s a modest pound a day, that so our Hibernians may be delivered from possible dependence on English Whips and actual dependence on Irish-American servant-girls, and that our extremely "honest" Labour Members may be relieved of the degrading lack of "tanners" by which they are now hampered. The moral seems rather to be that it is unwise to interfere with the course of events, which has brought certain persons to a chronic incapacity of earning their own living, whether the interference be public or private. Poverty is not in itself a recommendation for a share in government; representation without taxation is likely to prove as hard a tyranny as taxation without representation.

It is, no doubt, humiliating for a public man to be dependent for his support on the readers of a newspaper or the stray subscribers to a fund; but, at least, in that case someone else has to beg for him, and begging is far less shameful when it is not done by the person begged for. It cannot be agreeable to a Tribune of the People to be collected for by a halfpenny evening paper; but it is far better than if he were forced to eadge for his living at the street-corners of Battersea. Yet that is exactly what the proposed payment of members would inflict on him. The money, indeed, would be found by the State; but it would be the few thousands of electors in each constituency who would award the income by their votes. The candidate for Parliament would go before the electors and ask them to vote him into three hundred a year for, say, four or five years. Supposing there to be twelve thousand electors in Battersea, Mr. John Burns, in asking for the renewal of their trust in him as a representative, would be, in plain fact, demanding from them "a tanner" each.

Now this would not matter to Mr. John Burns. Not his bitterest enemy would suppose that his own pocket influenced him in the least, or that he would say the thing that he did not think for any motive so low as cash. But he is an exceptionally favourable specimen. He has told us that no man is worth more than five hundred a year. Well, he is; any M.P. who dares to be occasionally independent is worth more. There are few of them who can call their souls their own, even now, when all that the electors can confer on them is an expensive honour, and months of weary and futile labour in a vitiated atmosphere. Yet, for this they debase their souls to the gutters with promises to every faddist and every crank who can bring a vote to sell. Give the tyrant constituents, or the tyrant wire-pullers that work the constituents, the power of awarding a livelihood for a few years, and then, as their whim may lead them, snatching it away again, and what poor man's manliness will prevail against them? For the rich men, they will be as they were before—except that they will probably spend the State income that they do not want in lavish subscriptions to local charities.

If we are to have endowment of members, so that poor wise men may sit among our legislators, let us not make the fatal mistake of endowing the *place*, and creating a spoils system at every General Election. Let us endow a number of selected men, taken from among those of all parties who are known to be poor and admitted to be eminent. Let the income given be for life or for a long term of years, and let it be merely enough for honest and comfortable subsistence. Above all, let it be subject to no condition, and free from the necessity of renewal at each election. Some of these pensions will, no doubt, be wasted on unfit men; but the country is rich, and can afford to lose a little on the experiment. But it *cannot* afford to bribe politicians to be slaves.

For the first on this new State Pension List—shall we say Mr. John Burns?

MARMITION.

AN ALABAMA COON.

Miss Bessie Wentworth, one of the latest London favourites and cleverest recruits to the variety stage, brings jollity and breeziness wherever she goes, and is not the least spoiled by her calling. For the last year her songs, "The Alabama Coon," "They're looking for a Coon like Me," and "My Girl," have been delighting the audiences of the Tivoli and Oxford, but, unfortunately, a pre-existing contract has robbed Londoners of her brightness for some weeks, while she plays Abdallah in the pantomime of the Avenue Theatre, Sunderland, where she figured as Robin Hood last year. But, after the pantomime, she assures us, she "will be true," and will again lay siege to our hearts with new songs and dances. She has the inestimable advantage of being fresh and young, with just a reminder of Miss May Yohé in her voice and about



Photo by Hana, Strand, W.C.

MISS BESSIE WENTWORTH.

"Then go to sleep, my little picaninny."

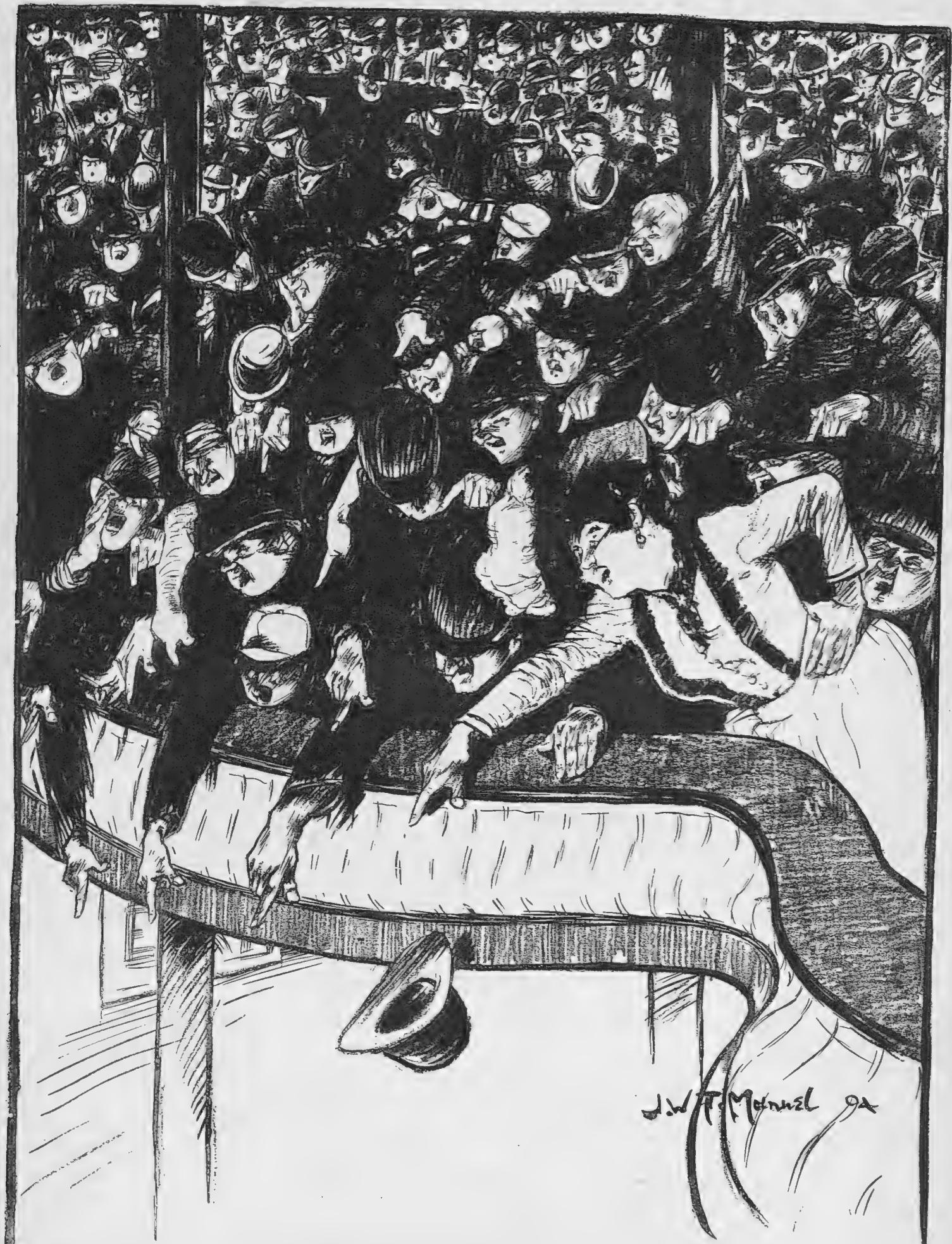
her eyes, added to which she has a charming *naïveté* and frankness which is entirely unruffled by her professional success. She is tall and well proportioned, with a splendid physique, and, as she laughingly remarks, "Just like a boy, you know!" Miss Wentworth is a Londoner—in fact, a native of Kensington Park—and is one of a large family, in which brothers predominate. "These boys," to use her own words, were devoted to the minstrel business, and each winter got up a little private troupe, engaging a professional artiste to teach them their songs and dances; thus their favourite sister picked up this line of business, and in it soon excelled. A little later, owing to the death of their father, it became necessary that each child should "turn out in the world," and Miss Bessie's friends, very wisely, persuaded her family to allow her to adopt the stage as her profession, as she had scored many a success *en amateur*. Her *début* was made in light opera in the provinces, about two and a half years ago, and evidently that time was not wasted, for she says she got many hints from listening to the *prime donne*. However, six months ago she determined to work up her early love—song and dance—and to go to the halls, and was immediately engaged, and as immediately scored success. As she is now only just twenty, much may be expected of her in the future, yet, strange to say, she is, musically, entirely self-taught, and seems to be able to catch the air and style of a song at once, though on the piano she can only pick it out note by note. Her style and production are good, and, altogether, she is one of those most attractive artists who are "born, not made." She should abandon once and for all the vulgar songs of the rowdy-dowdy boy type in which she appears in gibes and breeches.

"The telephone is just like a woman. It tells everything it hears."

"Yes, that's so. And unlike a woman, too; it tells a thing just as it hears it."—*Lily*.

AT THE MUSIC HALL.

(Drawn by J. W. T. Manuel.)



To the singer whose voice seems cracked; the gods yell fiercely—
"If you cough, take Géraudel's Pastilles."

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(at the corner of Rathbone Place), and that during the many years The Institute has been established in London their palatial premises have become the largest and only complete Electro-therapeutic Institute in the world. *Cheques and Postal Orders should be crossed "London and County Bank."*

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THE WORLD OF SPORT.

FOOTBALL.

The Scottish Rugby Fifteen selected to meet Wales at Edinburgh next Saturday has caused considerable surprise, especially on this side of the Border. No doubt, Scotsmen know their own business best, but in omitting A. R. Smith and W. P. Donaldson from the Scottish Fifteen the Scottish Committee are probably not in the best position to judge. These players, who belong to Oxford University, have only been seen in Scotland twice this season, while Englishmen have had an opportunity of seeing them week after week. It is generally conceded that Smith is one of the best backs Oxford has had for years, while Donaldson, as a half-back, has shown form at least equal to that of any other man in his position in the kingdom.

One could not have said much if the places of these two players had been filled by men of unequivocal ability. Gowans, who takes his place at full-back, is one of the London Scottish three-quarters—brilliant at

(Watsonians), three-quarter-backs; J. W. Simpson (Royal High School) and M. Elliott (Hawick), half-backs; W. B. Cowrie (Watsonians), H. O. Smith (Watsonians), G. T. Neilson (West of Scotland), W. Gibson (Royal High School), W. McEwan (Edinburgh Academicals), J. Dods (Edinburgh Academicals), R. G. McMillan (London Scottish), and T. Escott (Hawick), forwards.

WALES.—W. J. Bancroft (Swansea), back; Evan Lloyd (Llanelli), A. J. Gould (Newport), O. Badger (Llanelli), and T. W. Pearson (Cardiff), three-quarter-backs; F. C. Parfitt (Newport) and S. Biggs (Cardiff), half-backs; T. C. Graham (Newport), A. W. Boucher (Newport), W. H. Watts (Newport), H. Packer (Newport), J. Hadden (Newport), F. Mills (Cardiff), C. B. Nicholl (Llanelli), and E. George (Pontypridd), forwards.

RESERVES.—Davies (Neath), back; W. L. Thomas (Newport), Morgan (Penarth), A. W. Boucher (Newport), and Bowen (Llanelli), three-quarter-backs; D. Morgan (Llanelli), half-back; T. Pook (Newport), W. J. Elsey (Cardiff), and Evans (Penygraig), forwards.

The football team of the 2nd Battalion of the Royal Scots, who are stationed at Belgaum, Bombay, has had a most successful season, by

Private Stewart
(Left half-back).Private Goring
(Right full-back).Private Sharman
(Goal).Private Martin
(Left full-back).Private Reynolds
(Centre half).Private McEwen
(Left half-back).Private McMurray
(Outside right).Lance-Corporal Monteith
(Inside right).Private Jenkinson
(Centre).Private Ryan
(Inside left).Lieutenant H. E. P. Nash
(Outside left). Captain W. C. Fuller
(Linesman).

2ND BATTALION THE ROYAL SCOTS FOOTBALL TEAM, 1894.

times, but generally erratic—just, in fact, the sort of man whom it is not desirable to place in a position where sure kicking, certain tackling, and general all-round defensive abilities are most required. Elliott, who plays at half-back, is new to international honours. He is a Border player of the robust type, and is, no doubt, an excellent man; but, with no international experience, it is not easy to discern the reason of placing him over the head of Donaldson—a man who has played on most of the principal grounds in Scotland, England, and Ireland, and whose knowledge of the play of the rival nations must have been of immense value in these international contests. Perhaps, however, the Scottish team is partly experimental, and it may be that, after the Welsh match, especially if Scotland is beaten, we shall see changes.

Nor has the Welsh Fifteen escaped criticism, although it is generally conceded that the team to beat Scotland is more powerful than the one which went down before England. I have a great opinion of Parfitt, who was one of the half-backs when Wales gained her record victory over Scotland at Edinburgh two years ago. It is doubtful whether Evan Lloyd, of Llanelli, will be an improvement on Thomas, of Oxford, at three-quarter; but the changes forward are probably for the better.

The following are the teams—

SCOTLAND.—J. J. Gowans (London Scottish), back; H. T. S. Gedge (Rugby), G. T. Campbell (London Scottish), W. Neilson (London Scottish), and R. Welsh

winning three cup competitions. In September they won, at Poona, the Harris Cup, which Lord Harris gave for competition five years ago. They then went on to Bombay, where they successfully pulled off the Bombay Rovers Cup, playing three ties without having a goal scored against them. In November they went to Secunderabad for the cup competition, and, having already won it two years, they carried it off a third time, beating the Dorsets, six to nil, in the final. The cup is now the property of the Royal Scots. The regiment can show a very fine record in the football-field. In 1888-89 they won the Surrey Challenge Shield (five-a-side contest); in 1889-90 the Surrey Cup; in 1891-92 the Malta Cup; in 1892-93-94 the Secunderabad Cup; 1894 the Harris Cup and the Bombay Rovers Cup. This year the team has been their best, and is composed of one officer, one non-com., and nine privates. Everything is done in the regiment to foster the game and to encourage good football. The forwards, with the exception of Lieutenant Nash—who, by the way, is an old Carthusian—are old members of the team, and all have shown very fine combination. Sharman, the captain and goal-keeper, is the oldest member and is very safe.

I notice that Yorkshire are making determined efforts to get the fixture between the champion county and the Rest of England brought off. The Rugby Union, however, appear to have set their minds against it. No doubt it was hinted last year that the match would only be

continued in future if it were thought necessary to provide another international trial-match. The Union can, of course, put forward the plea that they are quite satisfied with their present international Fifteen, and that no other trial is necessary. At the same time, one can sympathise, to some extent, with the wishes of Yorkshire, who are sure to be champion county again this season. The honour is rather a barren one, except it be supplemented by a match with the Rest of England. Already the Devonshire Union and the Midland Union think it desirable that the match should be arranged; and, if sufficient pressure is brought to bear upon the Rugby Union, we may yet see it decided. Of course, those behind the scenes see the real object of Yorkshire's wish to play the match, and the Union's desire not to play it. Since the North v. South fiasco at Blackheath, Yorkshire has been burning to show there are still first-class players in the North of England, while the Union Committee, whose sympathies are almost entirely with the South, see that they will have nothing to gain and everything to lose.

Why is it that Surrey and Middlesex, so strong as cricketing counties, should be so low down in Rugby football? These two counties played off their match for the wooden spoon in the South-Eastern Division at Richmond last week. Middlesex, who were assisted by two or three Scottish Internationals, won by eleven points to three, so that Surrey has now to meet Sussex, the winner of the Junior Group, to decide which of them will be allowed to compete as Seniors next season. Of course, Surrey are almost bound to win, but it is a sad reflection on this great county that interest in Rugby football should have diminished to so alarming an extent.

An attempt is to be made to again have the final tie of the Association Cup played in London. Since the Oval was closed to football, three seasons ago, the final tie has been played in the provinces—once at Manchester and once at Everton. There appears, however, to be a general feeling that London is the proper place for this contest. Considering the remoteness of any Southern club taking part in the match, the Metropolis is, of course, far removed from the territory of the competing clubs, and is, therefore, neutral ground in the strictest sense of the word. The Oval has again been opened to football, and if only the Surrey Committee could see their way to have the final tie played on the old central pitch, no other ground in the Metropolis would stand a chance with the Oval for popularity. Other probable grounds are Richmond, Blackheath, and the Arsenal ground at Plumstead; neither of these grounds, however, has the necessary accommodation for a final tie.

CRICKET.

The third test match between England and Australia was remarkable chiefly for the complete collapse of Mr. Stoddart's team. After the Englishmen had won the first two matches under trying circumstances, it was a great surprise to find them defeated by the enormous total of 382 runs. The fact is, England was outplayed in every department. The heroes of the match were Messrs. Iredale, Callaway, and A. Trott. In the second innings Iredale put on the fine total of 140, playing in the very best style. He is quite a young player, but has already made a reputation that will last. As an all-round man, A. Trott made a sensational *début* in international matches; not only did he score 110 runs without losing his wicket, but he secured eight English wickets for 43 runs. Callaway met with almost equal success as a bowler, and his batting in both innings was more than useful. The next test match will be commenced at Sydney on Feb 1, and the fact that Australia won the last will only intensify the interest in the coming match. England has only to win one more to gain the rubber. The following are the batting averages in eleven-a-side matches—

STODDART'S TEAM.

	No. of matches.	No. of inn.	Times not out.	Most in an inn.	Total runs.	Average.
Stoddart, A. E.	7	12	1	173	723	65.72
M'Laren, A. C.	6	11	2	228	442	49.11
Brown, J. T.	7	12	1	117	466	42.36
Ward, A.	7	13	0	117	512	39.38
Gay, L. H.	4	8	3	39*	153	30.60
Brockwell, W.	7	12	0	81	327	27.25
Ford, F. G. J.	6	11	0	66	268	24.36
Briggs, J.	7	12	0	57	265	22.08
Lockwood, W.	6	10	2	39	172	21.50
Peel, R.	7	12	0	65	219	18.25
Philipson, H.	4	7	0	59	114	16.28
Richardson, T.	6	11	4	14	54	7.71
Humphreys, W.	3	5	1	18*	23	5.75

AUSTRALIANS.

	No. of matches.	No. of inn.	Times not out.	Most in an inn.	Total runs.	Average.
Trott, A.	2	4	3	72*	146	146.00
Iredale, F. A.	2	4	0	140	280	70.00
Giffen, G.	4	8	1	161	481	68.71
Gregory, S. E.	4	8	0	201	355	44.37
Iredale, A. P.	2	4	0	81	161	41.00
Bruce, W.	2	4	0	80	149	37.25
Darling, J.	4	8	1	117	257	36.71
Blackham, J. M.	2	4	1	71	104	31.66
Reedman, J. E.	2	4	0	83	133	33.25
Trott, G. H. S.	4	8	0	95	258	32.25
M'Leod, C.	2	4	1	25	61	20.33
Harry, J.	2	4	0	70	79	19.75
Coningham, A.	2	4	0	43	75	18.75
Callaway, S.	2	4	0	41	70	17.50
Lyons, J. J.	3	6	0	32	103	17.16
Jarvis, A. H.	3	6	0	29	76	12.66
Turner, C. T. B.	3	6	2	26*	43	10.75

* Not out.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Foreigners are crowding the English racecourses with a vengeance, and I hope they will meet with a share of success. The Frenchmen, Max Lebaudy, R. Lebaudy, E. Blanc, and M. Abielle, are certain to capture some of our big races. Mr. Croker, the American owner, may win a race or two, and the South African sportsman, Mr. Barney Barnato, has bought horses that are likely to succeed in any company. Altogether things look rosy in the racing world, and I think we shall have a very lively season.

During the recent severe weather many of the horses were restricted to straw-bed exercise; but several old-fashioned trainers, notably Golding and Ryan, prefer to canter their horses on the snow, and I think they are wise, as too much straw-bed exercise is bad for horses' feet, and, indeed, it is a fact that thoroughbreds who do a long spell of work on tan tracks often give way much sooner than they would if kept to the grass all the time.

Mr. A. Coventry, the Official Starter to the Jockey Club, is a very able wielder of the flag, as he is firm but patient. He does not attempt to drop the red flag until all the animals under his charge are on equal terms, and I have known him to expend half an hour on getting a field away on the five-furlong track at Sandown, where, by-the-bye, the horses are backed to the park railings. The jockeys do not attempt to take liberties at the starting-post, and the Starter does the expostulation without the aid of any "swear words," though he is as resolute as a lion, and has his way every time. Good judges who have seen Mr. Coventry even on his cob do not need to be told that he is a finished horseman. He has a perfect seat in the saddle, and I should say that, in the heyday of his riding fame, he was the equal of any rider, amateur or professional. He could time a finish to a nicety, and get the last ounce out of a horse. Mr. Coventry was appointed Official Starter to the Jockey Club when Lord Marcus Beresford resigned the berth, and it was said at the time that H.R.H. the Prince of Wales favoured the appointment of Mr. Coventry. The Official Starter shoots, hunts, plays cricket, and is a good dancer.



Photo by Robinson, Regent Street, W.
MR. A. COVENTRY.

The time has arrived for the Jockey Club and the National Hunt Committee to appoint an official doctor, whose duty it should be to attend all important meetings with a supply of splints, drugs, &c., to be ready for use in case of accident. True, at present Dr. Taylor seldom misses South Country meetings, and Dr. Dougal is ever willing to render professional assistance when he is on the spot, but no meeting should be allowed to take place unless it was known for certain that a medical man would be present.

A very favourite treble event is Cloister for the Grand National, Oxford for the Boat Race, and Raconteur for the Derby. The first two events might come off, but I do not think Raconteur will win at Epsom now, as the colt has been eased in his work, owing to an accident. Rumour has it that Watts will, after all, have to ride Kirkeconnell, but I really do not think it much matters who steers Sir Visto, as the colt is a game one, and I hope to see the Premier's colt win.

Mr. Duff, the owner of Cloister, is a thorough sportsman. What is more, he is immensely rich, and I should not be surprised to hear that he had given the whole of the stakes to Escott in the event of Cloister's winning at Aintree. I know one owner who gave a jockey one thousand pounds for riding his horse to victory in the Grand National, although it should be added that I saw the owner capture seven thousand pounds to one thousand pounds in one bet, and probably he repeated the dose several times.

Of the sporting journalists who have been on the sick list, I am glad to hear Mr. Tom Callaghan is better, and is at Bournemouth. Mr. Langley "Pavo" is wintering at Cannes, and Mr. Bradbury "Judex," who has been dangerously ill at Manchester, is improving. Mr. Sam Gale has for some little time been very far from well, but I am very pleased to learn he is on the road to recovery. Our climate plays ducks and drakes with the constitutions of those gentlemen who are compelled to be out in all weathers.

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A WAGER-WALK ROUND THE WORLD.

Herren T. Thröner and G. Kögel are the latest aspirants to putting a girdle round the earth, and they are proposing to do so on their own particular Shanks's Ponies. I met these two young men, respectively of twenty-four and twenty-nine years of age, a day or two ago, in a restaurant, not a hundred miles from Leicester Square, where they had been located since their arrival from New York in the good ship *Ems*, belonging to the North German Lloyd Company's line, which had generously given them first-class passages.

With a well-established athletic reputation, Kögel came from Carthagena, in South America, where he was carrying on his trade as a tailor, to New York, and proposed to match himself, against others, to walk to the World's Fair; but the *New York Herald* (the German



Photo by Bushney, San Francisco.

THRÖNER AND KÖGEL.

one), which was arranging the match, altered it to San Francisco, 3600 miles distant. He easily won, with some days to spare, against three other competitors. It was on his successful arrival at San Francisco that Thröner, who is a modeller and gilder, met him, and was fired with the ambition to do something similar. Last spring they backed themselves in six thousand dollars to walk round the world within two years against ten thousand dollars, subscribed by the contributors and owners of the *Examiner*. They were to take no money, no arms (that is, within their own country), no watch, and no compass. They were to walk strictly on foot—rivers, railway tunnels, and sea voyages being alone excepted.

"How long do you calculate your route to be?" I asked Mr. Thröner.

"Just about 12,700 miles, and we have knocked off 4000 miles of it, and in such excellent time that we have been able to make a *détour* from our regular route by coming to London. Next week we start off to take up the route again in Portugal; thence we go through Spain, Southern France, and on to Germany, to visit our parents, and to endeavour to get the Emperor's signature in our log-books. See, here they are, with the signature of every section-house all along the line, with the seals and names of the Governors of the States through which we passed."

"And after Germany?"

"Oh, then we go to Austria, Southern Russia, and thence through Asia Minor to Vladivostock, where we shall take steamer to Yokohama, and thence proceed by mail back to San Francisco."

"I suppose people have been very kind to you?"

"Tremendously so; you see, the newspapers always heralded our approach, and I belong, besides, to the Knights of the Golden Eagle, a society which has lodges all along the road, from ocean to ocean."

"I suppose you are both abstainers?"

"Yes, when we are on the tramp. We then drink nothing but water,

coffee, and tea. We stuck to the railroad line for the most part, as we found that track freer of rocks and deep sand. We covered on an average about thirty miles a day, and on one day we did as much as fifty-nine miles. We usually started at 5 a.m., and walked eighteen miles till dinner-time. Then we would rest till two, and afterwards walk another fifteen miles. I know we wore out a great number of boots. I got through seven pairs, and Kögel had to throw away five pairs. Our socks are of the thickest and softest material."

"What kit do you carry?"

"Only a thick flannel suit for night wear, and a spare pair of boots. Our walking-dress was of dark grey cloth, blue jerseys, and brown canvas army gaiters, like these I have on. Of course, we had water-bottles."

"You carried sticks too, I suppose?"

"Oh, certainly; and I should say we killed with them quite two hundred rattlesnakes. Look at this bottle full of rattles. We walked frequently at night, and came on coyotes many times, also grey and black wolves and wild-cats. During seven weeks of our walk, we camped out, as we could find no accommodation."

"What was your most trying experience?"

"Crossing the Humboldt country in Nevada, where you have to tramp an alkali flat of forty-five miles in extent. It's no joke, with the thermometer at 130 degrees. Our lips and eyes became terribly swollen, and on one occasion Kögel dropped down in his tracks, and, I believe, would have died had I not managed to find water two miles further on, as I had been directed on the morning of that day's start. Indeed, while passing through Utah and Wyoming, we also suffered very considerably."

"And you make money by selling your photos, I suppose? Why don't you do a little advertising?"

"That's an excellent notion. Perhaps you'll introduce us to some of your big people?" he said jokingly, and we both laughed. "Talking of big people, you remind me that we are to have the honour of being introduced to the Lord Mayor, and we have hopes that the Prince of Wales may possibly condescend to see us."

IN THE RIVIERA.

It is a popular fallacy to suppose that flowers are plentiful on the Riviera in the months of December and January. During the Christmas holidays roses and carnations were in great demand all along the Mediterranean sea-coast, from St. Raphael to Ventimille, and when I arrived at Monte Carlo they were at a premium. The chief homes of flowers are at Villefranche and Beaulieu, but this year the requirements of London and Paris have stripped trees and bushes bare. My daily buttonhole, without which life were scarcely worth living, consisted usually of nothing more than a pink carnation or Maréchal Niel rose, and then cost at least a franc. There were a few good-looking flowers in the public and private gardens, but the show was rather disappointing. For the past few days the weather on the Riviera has been bad, and little bits of winter have escaped over the mountains, but in a week or so this unsatisfactory state will have passed away and the flowers will begin to bestir themselves for the Battles at Nice. By the month of March people will be giving them away, and beggar children will throw them into your carriage in big bunches as you drive through the country, and then race after you with the speed of the mistral itself, until you throw them some small silver or copper acknowledgment.

Speaking of Nice reminds me of two facts: first, that the races commence within a day or so, and, secondly, that Nice out of the season is a very dull place. I spent the last afternoon of the Old Year in driving all round it, and the aspect was dismal. Every place was to be let, and the town, save in its principal streets, looked empty. I should imagine that Margate, on a fine March morning, would appear as well as Nice did. The Promenade des Anglais was the one place in which there was anything interesting to be seen, and certainly some of the carriages that passed along between three and four in the afternoon would not disgrace Hyde Park in the beginning of June, or the Bois de Boulogne in the same season. The advent of the racing-men makes Nice a bit rowdy, and brings a somewhat unpleasant element on to Monte Carlo, where large sums change from the pockets of the bookmakers to the strong-rooms of the company that runs the Casino. To the average native, English swagger and extravagance, as displayed by the betting-men, have ceased to come as a surprise. Prices are run up to give healthy exercise to long purses, and the racing season contributes not a little to the support of those elaborate shops whose wares have a truly Parisian daintiness and delicacy.

Otero has been practising assiduously and preparing a budget of songs and dances for some Monte Carlo concerts. About February she will return to the Folies-Bergère, and some time in April or May we shall, perhaps, be able to welcome her to town. It is quite likely that we may see her over in London during the ensuing season. I have not seen her on the stage for some years, but throughout France, Russia, and America she has repeated her English success. Of course, her extravagant dresses and priceless diamonds have given rise to the most idle rumours, but, as a matter of fact, Otero leads a very quiet life. Her salary has always been high, and on an income of several thousands per annum a woman can dress well. Another very beautiful woman, Mdlle. Junior, will also come to London in April from Paris. There may be a third, whose visit would create a rare sensation, but arrangements are not yet sufficiently definite for me to mention her name. This interchange of artistes from one country to another is an excellent thing for the stage, and a careful study of a foreign performer adds a deal to the technique of a native, and *vice versa*.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE COSTUMES IN "KING ARTHUR."

It is well that I only promised vaguely to tell you something about the costumes in the new Lyceum play. To describe them accurately is beyond my power, seeing that they are, like the piece itself, mystical and wonderful, and fashioned of strangely beautiful fabrics, and rich in



elaborate embroideries and precious stones. To say that they are merely lovely is not giving them their due, for they are perfection, and their marvellous colouring is a continual feast to the eye. The Spirit of the Lake, for instance (otherwise Miss Maud Milton), who, in the prologue, rises from the misty waters in most effective fashion, is clothed in some



shimmering stuff which seems to have caught all the hues of the ever-changing sea; and then, in the same scene, the vision of Guinevere shows her radiantly lovely in a loosely flowing robe of vivid green, embroidered deeply round the foot with a flame-like design in gold, while gold spangles are scattered above this border to represent the sparks. The shirred sleeves are finished at the wrists with gold-embroidered bands, and round the high waist is a draped sash of glistening gold gauze, there

being also a little gold chemisette, or vest (only such words sound too fashionably modern for such a garment), thickly studded with emeralds. And Guinevere's fair locks are crowned by a wealth of pink May-blossom, from which falls an enshrouding veil of the shimmering gold gauze; and as this gracious figure stands, outlined against a background of pink and white May, small wonder that its beauty inflames the heart of the King, till, regardless of aught else, he vows to win the reality for his Queen and wife.

In the first act his desire has been realised, and in due course the Queen appears in a gorgeously beautiful robe of golden tissue, the bodice simply swathed round the figure, and the skirt falling in full folds, which catch fresh lights with every movement; while round the waist is a golden girdle set with emeralds. With this truly queenlike robe is worn an equally regal cloak of cloth-of-gold, brocaded with silver, and bordered at the sides with a broad band of green velvet, almost entirely covered with an iridescent embroidery in green and gold, the design being curiously like conventional peacocks' feathers. And it is in this robe that Guinevere, the Queen, confesses her love to Lancelot, a proceeding which, blameworthy as it may be, can hardly be considered inexcusable if the original Lancelot were anything like his present portrayer, Mr. Forbes Robertson.

Then, in that triumph of scenic art, "The Queen's Maying" (Act II.), the Queen herself wears the selfsame green and golden robe in which she appeared in vision form to her liege lord and master. It



struck me as being a master-touch of ironical fate that this should be so, that the passionate love-scene with Lancelot should be enacted in the garment in which Guinevere had been revealed to the King as his fate; and as, in the midst of a world of May-blossom, she holds out her arms to her lover, the vision seems enacted over again. Next comes the tragedy of discovery and confession in Act III., when Ellen Terry wears a robe of violet-and-green shot tinsel gauze, the sleeves caught together with her favourite emeralds, while from them falls an over-dress composed of what would, in these modern days, be called sequins in a brilliant shade of violet, and so closely clustered together that they form one glittering mass of brightness. In the prison scene, and also in the last act, an exquisite robe of white Bengal satin is worn, the crinkled surface embroidered all over with little gold crosses, interspersed with embossed gold concaves. Like the green gown, it is short-waisted, and there is a square yoke of white gauze, bordered with gold embroidery, a great golden flower, with a brilliant in the centre, being placed at each corner, and the yoke itself being finely embroidered with gold filigree, a golden border also finishing the skirt. A filmy veil of golden gauze is also worn, and in the gown Miss Terry looks wonderfully beautiful, though it seemed to me that she is at her best in the green gown of the vision of Act II.

Miss Lena Ashwell looks an absolutely ideal Elaine in her simple robe of soft white silk, which might for all the world be one of Liberty's latest productions, and which is pretty enough to be copied by any modern maiden with a taste for artistic dress. It is made Princess fashion, the V-shaped yoke bordered with gold embroidery, and the skirt opening at the sides over a petticoat of white gauze, and also being outlined with a design in gold. There are over-sleeves of gauze, studded with gold, and deep cuffs of shirred silk; and, be she a maiden of olden

MADAME FAREY.
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The Antiseptic Saline for the Bath & Toilet Water IMMEDIATELY SOFTENS HARD WATER.

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DR. HORN'S "ACESMA" quickly restores the colour to grey, faded, or bleached hair. Does not stain the skin. 2s. and 5/- per bottle.

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Hair 5 ft. 2 in. long.

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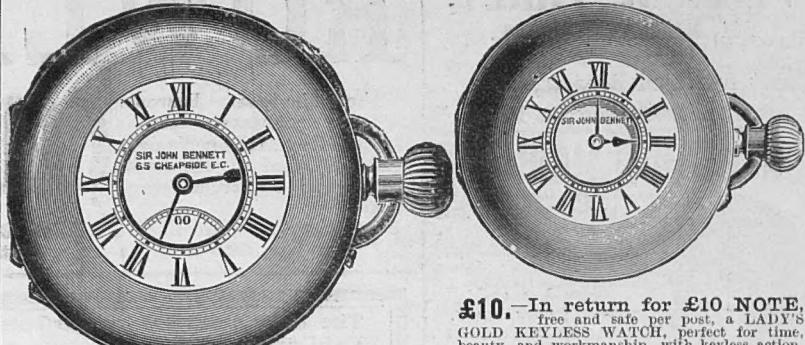
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 £25 Half Clock, to Chime on 8 Bells. In oak or mahogany. With bracket and Shield, Three Guineas extra. Estimates for Turret Clocks.

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4 ft. ENGLISH Carved OAK Writing Table, Leather Top, on Castors,
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(CARVED OAK AND ANTIQUES, No. 204.)

or modern times, she would, if, like Elaine, fair and youthful to look upon, make a charming picture in such attire.

Miss Geneviève Ward, as Morgan Le Fay, has very elaborate and handsome gowns, the first being a combination of red, green, and gold, richly jewelled, and completed by a red velvet cloak, with an appliquéd of gold and jewels; and the other in green satin and gauze of wonderful



shades of peacock-blue and green, the whole studded and embroidered with gold and stones, which reproduce the various shades of colour. As to dainty Miss Annie Hughes, she makes her one and only appearance (in the "Queen's Maying" scene) in an idyllic gown of some soft green fabric bordered with gold, and a white over-dress fringed with gold, and embroidered with a conventional design in green, the sleeves also being



of the green. So, altogether, as you may imagine, the Lyceum gowns are veritable things of beauty, which should be seen by everyone.

And now, as last week I gave you some descriptions without sketches, I will make a variety this week (and trust to its proverbial charm) by giving you some sketches without descriptions. These latter you had last week, when I told you about the gowns in "The Slaves of the Ring," which has now departed from the Garrick Theatre. Owing to the fact that space is not elastic, the sketches of the said gowns had to be left out, but I give them to you now, as, the dresses being the productions of Messrs. Jay, the designs are of special interest and value.

The bridal gowns are particularly successful, one in plain satin and lace, and the other with yoke and Empire sash of brocade; while of the evening gowns, the one in Empire style is of yellow satin studded with gold sequins, and the other in white satin, embroidered with silver butterflies. The widow's dress is, you will remember, entirely composed of crape—the prevailing fashion nowadays; and the remaining dress has, with a skirt of white moiré antique striped with black satin, a coat bodice of red velvet, revers of pink satin and lace, and jabot and vest of pink chiffon, the whole being finished with sundry diamond buttons. So, with your descriptions of old-time garb, and your sketches of some of Dame Fashion's latest productions, I can only hope that you will reach the happy medium which is always to be devoutly desired, but which, alas! is distinctly difficult of attainment.

FLORENCE.

A COUNTRY IDYLL.*

Admirers of Clement Scott will find in this dainty little volume a record of some more of those Arcadian experiences such as he revealed to them in his "Blossom-Land and Fallen Leaves" a year or two ago. Worcestershire is the scene of the apple-orchards which witnessed the wanderings and ponderings of this chronicle—the chronicle itself a later fruitage of the apple-orchards, daintily preserved and bound in apple-green. Mr. Scott seems to have had all the concomitants necessary to the enjoyment of a rural holiday by an urban man, not even excluding the pipe, through which so many enthusiasts for fresh air prefer to filter it,



to say nothing of the dogs in the yard, the horses in the stable, and the sweet human associations, which throw all other things into their proper perspective; as Gerald Massey puts it—

My darling, sitting with her hand in mine
Here, where amid lush grass the large-eyed kine,
Ruminant, stolid, statelily behold
The milky plenty and the mellowing gold;
And with glad laugh the tiny buttercup
Its beaker of delight brimful holds up;
And, prodigally glorified, the mead
Is all aglow with red-ripe sorrel-seed,
And quick with smells that make one long to be
A-gathering sweets, bloom-buried utterly.

From "Walnut-Tree Farm" as the home centre, the author makes his peregrinations among "The Apple-Orchards," takes his "Peeps into Old England," and pays his visit to "A Painter's Dreamland." The "Peeps" include glimpses of the Shakspere country, the cottage of Ann Hathaway at Shottery, the "Red Horse" at Stratford, the old church with its tomb of tombs, and the many other memorials of the bard of bards. "The Painter's Dreamland" is the village of Broadway, the inspiration of so many artists, the *locale* of so many living pictures. Those who have enjoyed Mr. Scott's "rural felicities" before will need no commendation of this volume, and those who look for them here for the first time will find a town man's pictures of the country-side, and incidentally pictures of the country side of a town man.

NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

"All is not Gold that Glitters."

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Jan. 19, 1895.

The Continental demand for gold has almost ceased, and considerable addition to the Bank's stock is almost certain. The drop of something like 10 per cent. in the proportion of reserve to liabilities, which was so noticeable a feature in the Bank return a fortnight ago, has in the last two weeks been made up, and it is clear that a further considerable period of cheap money is to be anticipated. For a few hours the French crisis depressed the markets; but very soon it was recognised on this side that our neighbours understood their business better than we did, and that, as there was no alarm in Paris, it was quite unnecessary to get up a scare on this side, since which time there has been a marked increase in the strength of the markets.

For some time we have been telling you that there was going to be trouble over more than one of the reconstructed Australian banks, and by degrees the rumours which have disturbed the Colonial market are assuming definite shape. It is known that negotiations are going on with some of the Scotch banks, and it is hoped that a guarantee may be obtained from several of the most important of these institutions which will reconcile the creditors to a considerable modification of the original terms of reconstruction.

On the whole, the tone of the markets has been satisfactory, although to-day in nearly all departments there is a tendency to realise profits rather than engage in new operations. Home Rails have, during the week, gained substantially on the whole, the Brighton dividend coming out exactly as we had expected, while the Metropolitan and Great Eastern distributions were more favourable than anticipated. In the difficulty of finding steady investments, holders of Home Rails stick tight to their stock, and, whatever the immediate prospects of the various lines, as long as gilt-edged securities remain at their present level we are not likely to see any considerable declines in the ordinary stocks of the big lines. The circular which Mr. Pope has issued to the Hull and Barnsley shareholders seems to call for serious answer from the board, but there can be no doubt that there has not been that energy and push in the management which, if Mr. Forbes had nothing else to do, would have been shown. While the yield of most of the Home lines is below 3½ per cent. at present prices, the preference shares of the City and South London Company can be bought to pay about £3 12s., and, as the ordinary stock has received a dividend for some years and the traffics are distinctly progressive, we consider them a good investment and likely to improve in value.

Investment-buying has made itself felt in the Foreign market, especially in Egyptian and Uruguay stocks. Mexican 6 per cent. securities have also risen, and, in our judgment, holders of any of these stocks will do well to stick to their bonds for the present; while great caution should be exercised with regard to Brazilian issues, which are the sport of big finance houses just at present. Turks have been very firm, and will steadily improve in value, unless we have political complications.

Nothing is more noticeable than the decline in the Banking profits of the purely metropolitan institutions during the last four years, as you will see from the following, giving the profits and dividends in the last half-years of 1890 and 1894.

PROFITS OF THE LAST HALF-YEARS OF 1894 AND 1890.

London and Westminster £117,000	against £254,000
The Joint Stock ...	72,000	118,000
The Union Bank ...	81,000	113,000
The City Bank ...	39,000	69,000
The Consolidated Bank ...	35,000	50,000

The dividends for the corresponding periods were, in the first case, 9 per cent., compared with 16 per cent.; in the second, 9 per cent., compared with 12½ per cent.; and in the others, 8½ per cent., 8 per cent., and 8½ per cent., compared respectively with 12½ per cent., 11 per cent., and 10 per cent. Of course, times have been against City banking, and, it may fairly be hoped, low-water mark has been touched; but it is remarkable that those large institutions which, like the London and County and the National and Provincial, have branches all over the country, are able to maintain their rate of earnings far better than the purely metropolitan institutions, a point which investors should bear in mind, dear Sir, when selecting this class of security for purchase.

The long-expected report of the Chartered Company has been published, and the still more eagerly expected meeting of the shareholders held. It has been said that the English are "a nation of shopkeepers"; but we can only say, dear Sir, that we never saw such a refutation of this ancient superstition as was presented by the enormous crowd which filled the big hall at Cannon Street Hotel to hear Mr. Cecil Rhodes deliver one of those speeches which make an audience forget such things as dividends, and remember only that to the Anglo-Saxon race has been delivered the future of the world. It is impossible, dear Sir, to write, within twenty-four hours of such a meeting, a sober criticism of the Chartered Company's balance-sheet, or, indeed, to do justice to anything but the magnificent personality of the man who can make a prosaic audience in the City of London forget everything except that they are partners in an undertaking which has added no inconsiderable territory to this empire of ours, and is every day opening up for our trade the richest portion of a new continent. We are too fresh from the magic of Mr. Rhodes's words to consider fairly whether the shareholders will reap the reward that they deserve, or even to do anything but feel proud that we have some small share in so great an undertaking.

Of course, as in the majority of these cases, the meeting had been over-discounted, and the shares were very flat to-day in consequence of forced sales by weak holders who had bought on the idea that Mr. Rhodes was going to boom the market to over 50s.

We hear very good accounts of Knight's and Wolhuter, and we believe Spes Bona are likely to improve in value.—We are, dear Sir, your faithfully,

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

S. Simon, Esq.

The following prospectus has reached us—

THE NEW ZEALAND JUBILEE GOLD MINE, LIMITED, is formed to develop a property in the same district as the now famous Waihi Gold Mine. The prospectus comes from a most respectable quarter, and the names upon it are a guarantee of good faith; but what we do not quite understand is why the New Zealand vendors, who seem to have brought the mine to a gold-producing basis, now that everything is ready for a start, want to sell. It would, we should have thought, have been better, since all the expense of batteries, cyanide plants, tramways, &c., has been incurred, for the vendors to have worked the property for a time, at least, so that it could have been sold—if they wished to sell—on actual results.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

(1) All letters must be addressed to the City Editor, *The Sketch*, Office, 198, Strand, and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.

(2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.

(3) Every effort will be made by Messrs. Lamb, Shearer, and Co. to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.

(4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.

(5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.

(6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.

(7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters will receive no attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I DARE."—You hold deposit receipts of the very banks about which the rumours to which we have alluded from time to time are most persistent. You will never get twenty shillings in the pound in the second case, while in the other three the result depends on the general prosperity of the Colonies. There is some chance of 1, 3, and 4 paying twenty shillings in the pound, but you may be asked to extend the time, and go without interest. If you can afford to risk it, hold on; but if not, sell, which you can do through an agent in Melbourne or Sydney.

ALPHA.—Your writing is so bad we have had the greatest difficulty in reading it. (1) This company is quite unknown on this market. The last report was very discouraging, but consult some Manchester broker. (2) This is a wretched concern, and there is a liability of £4 per share. We would not hold a share, for the risk is too great to run for any chance of profit.

E. S. F.—The Automatic Sweetmeat Company is doing very well. Hold your shares.

FRIEND.—(1) Hold on. At the price you bought, the shares are a really good speculation. (2) A swindle; write it off. (3) Support the directors.

F. C. W.—The Insurance Company you name is quite safe, but we do not know that it is the best you could select. Consult some insurance expert, as all we can tell you is that you would be quite safe in taking out a policy.

AFRICA.—Read the accounts of the Chartered Company's Meeting, and judge for yourself. As Englishmen, we naturally desire the Company every success, but, as investors, we doubt any immediate rise.

M. D.—We cannot give names and addresses of brokers or dealers in this column (see rule 7), but we have sent you the address you require by private letter, which is the only way we can answer your inquiry. Kindly comply with rule 5.

RUPERT.—Buffelsdoorn and New Cœsus if you wish a solid investment where you will, apart from the market price, have value for your money. Caratals are not a bad gamble at present rubbish price.

SHAREHOLDER.—Hold on; they will probably go better.

E. M. A.—See rule 5. It is very difficult to advise you. If you cannot afford to run any risk, clearly you must sell your Grand Trunk, but we hardly like to take the responsibility of urging you to clear out at the awful loss the present price represents. In all probability it will, however, be the cheapest thing for you in the end. The Montreal stock is a very good investment.

"THE SKETCH" LIBEL-ACTION.

The action for libel brought against *The Sketch* by Admiral Sir William Dowell, C.B., one of the directors of the Gigantic Wheel Company, resulted last week in a verdict against this journal for £25 and costs. We never intended to allege anything against the personal honour or integrity of Sir William or his colleagues, nor did we believe that what we wrote could have been made to bear such a meaning. We, through our counsel at the trial, disclaimed any intention of attacking Sir William personally; and now that our motives cannot be open to suspicion, again ask both Admiral Dowell and his co-directors to believe that we had no intention of imputing anything dishonourable to them.